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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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The Press on the Annual Meeting.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Mr. Wendell Phillips is undoubtedly the most brilliant man that the anti-slavery agitation has yet thrown to the surface. Fiery, eloquent and learned, with all the graces of a public speaker, and more art than even his admirers give him credit for, his rhetoric is irresistible while we listen, and it requires some moments of calm deliberation over his printed sentiments to separate what is true and abiding in them from the inevitable exaggerations into which all genuine orators are occasionally hurried.

But the great and radical miscalculation which vitiates all the arguments brought forward by the political school of which Mr. Phillips, if not the ablest, is unquestionably the most pleasing exponent, arises from the amiable delusion that men are much more disinterested, and otherwise much nearer perfection, than they really are, and that the truth may be profitably spoken, at all times and in all places, regardless of the dictates of expediency. The old Gospel axiom, which teaches that babes in wisdom should be fed only on the milk of knowledge, is wilfully and scoutingly flung aside, and "solid chunks" of the indigestible raw material are forced upon stomachs so weak and unaccustomed to the diet, that rejection becomes necessary as a part of self-defence.

In looking over the resolutions introduced at the City Assembly Rooms, and supported by various gentlemen in speeches appropriate—a report of which will be found in yesterday's *Times*—the point that must arrest dispassionate attention most forcibly is the omission of any, even the remotest, allusion to the evil effects of slavery on the white race, and the absence of any statistical attempt to prove that the peculiar institution itself is the ruinous and impoverishing incumbrance to which have always heretofore been ascribed the lagging, if not retrograding tendencies of our Southern neighbours. The resolutions as they stand are arrived at without any argumentative preamble or statement showing that the resolvers have any material interest in, or coordinate jurisdiction over, the topic debated, and their whole spirit and wording is a simple denunciation, and nothing more.

Now, we know that it will sound exceedingly unromantic and common-place—at least in the ears of the more excited progressionists—to say, that we believe a great part of this declamation injurious, and that a few figures of arithmetic might be advantageously substituted for the figures of speech so lavishly expended. We must also throw cold water on the assumption, that the great recent advances incontestibly made and making by the anti-slavery sentiment have been due in any exclusive, or even major sense to the exertions of this particular school of reformers.

We believe that the average of men—north of Mason and Dixon's line, as well as south, and south as well as north—will do exactly what seems most conformable to their individual and pecuniary interests, except where some bitter passion is aroused to warp their judgments prejudicially, and make them reject for doctrine's sake what they would gladly have embraced for practice—it is quite possible to make a wholesome medicine so offensive that a sick man would rather be a-bed a week or two, than owe his recovery to its operation.

Holding this faith—not a lofty one to be sure, but one that will wear well and be serviceable—we must confess that such plain, commercial and statistical arguments as those put forward by Mr. Banks from the steps of our Exchange, and by Mr. Olmsted in his various works on Southern society and organization, have at all times appeared to us more likely to bring about the reformation desired, than any conceivable quantity of resolutions declaring the Federal Constution "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and proclaiming that "it is blasphemy against God and treason to Jesus Christ" to "recognise as Churches of Christ those Churches which sanction slavery," or "admit slaveholders to their communion and fellowship."

Totally apart from the theological questions involved in this wholesale excommunication, we protest against the expediency of dissolving one of the strongest bonds by which we can reasonably hope to draw the brethren we believe to be in error to a point identical with that from which we take our highest view of the evil we would engage them in assisting to abate. Unless we desire disunion for disunion's own sad sake, it is madness to cut away from under the feet of both parties the only connecting bridge that spans the gulf of dissevered interests. Supposing the South to be unchristianized—supposing it either Mahometan or Mormon—what plea should we then have left for asking it to throw away and destroy twenty hundred millions dollars worth of good and available property.

We know very well, or at least have reasons justifying the belief, that this apparent destruction would really be a gain in the course of time, and would be more than compensated, after the necessary sacrifices of a transition period, by the introduction of a higher kind of labour, and the improved intelligence and enterprise that would manufacture on the spot the raw material now exported for a twentieth part of its real value. But these truths of political economy, though as capable of demonstration as any proposition in mathematics, are utterly ignored by the gentlemen who defiantly proclaim that they have "but one test of statesmanship—the slave, but one proof of patriotism—the slave; and but one standard of piety—the slave." They demand a percmptory surrender without equivalent, and even in doing this, have the further imprudence to destroy the only moral or religious bond on which the sacrifice could be exacted.

Good men and zealous men had denounced the iniquity of the English Corn Law through many unavailing years; they denounced the aristocracy in just such language as we find employed by our anti-slavery reformers; but more unfortunate than these, the aristocracy had power to retort on them with impeachments and hangings for sedition. That evil, we have seen, though proof against figures of speech, was riddled and torn to atoms by less pretentious figures of arithmetic; and we believe that if the Lloyd Garrison school of agitators would take a lesson from the Manchester school of Corn Law reformers, and give statistics instead of metaphors, and allow facts to replace vituperation, they would arrive a great deal sooner at that inevitable consummation which, at present, by their ill-judged efforts to advance, they are practically retarding. We are a ciphering people, and such works as those of Mr. Olmsted are steps in the right direction. —*Times.*

The American Anti-Slavery Society is the oldest National organization in America which makes the extinction of Human Bondage its exclusive aim, and has for twenty years numbered many able and eloquent men among its members. Its strength in the ability and energy of its master spirits is out of all proportion to its numbers; its journals and speakers are eminent in power and interest; while the moral character and devotedness of its leaders are such as to command general admiration. Why is it, then, that this Society gains no ascendancy in any township or ward throughout the Union? Bad as the world is, it is not a desert without oases; and, if the Garrisonians were wholly right, it is hardly possible that they should be everywhere outnumbered.

In our judgment, the radical defect of this Society inheres in its stubborn refusal to perceive vital and palpable distinctions, to recognise manifest and essential limitations, and to regard inevitable facts. Its general policy resembles that of a pedestrian who, being in New York, bound for Pittsburgh, should draw a bee-line from his starting-point to his destination, and insist on following it throughout, regardless of whatever rivers, mountains or morasses might oppose his progress. Take, for illustration, the following resolve adopted at their late Anniversary:

> Resolved, That while the North gives its sanction and support to slavery in fifteen States of the Union, it can make no consistent moral resistance to its extension in the Territories; that we tell the Republican party that if it would be a curse and crime to plant it in Kansas, it is no less criminal and disastrous to perpetuate it in Carolina; that it is equally absurd and immoral to make it a question of soil, climate, of latitude and longitude, or of bargain and compromise; that if it be compatible with Christianity and Republicanism to hold four millions of slaves as property, it is no less so to hold four hundred millions in the same condition; that to license oppression is to lose the power to limit it; and that any other issue with slavery in this country, except that of its immediate and total abolition, is wild and delusive.

The mistaken assumptions in this resolve are as follows: 1. That the North, by its Union with the South to attain certain ends in which they are mutually interested, does necessarily "give its sanction and support to slavery." We hold, in opposition to this view, that the North, as represented in Congress by Seward and Sumner and Giddings, and in the State Governments by Chase and Hamlin and Holley, does not "give its sanction and support to slavery," but does all it may rightfully do to limit and cure that dreadful evil. There are Northern statesmen who give their sanction and support to slavery, but the North as such does not, and the Union does not require such sanction and support at our hands. We are morally bound by the spirit and genius of the Union not to make that Union a lever for the overthrow of the domestic institutions of sister States; and they are morally bound, on the other hand, not to require us, in virtue of the Union, to implicate ourselves in the guilt and shame of slavery. The Union no more involves us necessarily in the crime of the slaveholder than our treaties with Russia and France implicate us in the serfdom of the former or the imperial despotism of the latter.

The Garrison resolve proceeds to say that, under the Union, the North can make no consistent moral resistance to slavery in the Territories because, "if it would be a curse and crime to plant it in Kansas, it is no less criminal and disastrous to perpetuate it in Carolina." Yes: but the Republican party, which opposes the planting in Kansas, *does not* perpetuate it in Carolina. It has *power* over the question of planting slavery in Kansas; it has no power over, consequently no responsibility for, its perpetuation in Carolina. Why is not this distinction a plain one? By what charter, constitution, compact, were the people of New York or New England ever authorised to modify the laws of South Carolina? We know of none. But if any one asks what rightful power they have to legislate on slavery in Kansas, we answer, That is a portion of the great territory belonging, not specially to New England or Carolina, but to the whole American People; consequently to be governed, so long as it shall remain their territory, according to their collective judgment and conscience as to what is right or wrong, expedient or unfit. A Carolinian in Congress, who conscientiously believes in slavery, properly votes that slavery shall go thither; a New Yorker or Pennsylvanian, believing slavery unjust and pernicious, has an equally clear right to vote against it.

The resolve proceeds to ring several changes on the same idea, closing with the assertion that "any other issue with slavery in this country, save that of its immediate and total abolition, is wild and delusive." To this we reply that slavery in the old States has in a generation been kept vital and aggressive by means of successive additions of territory, whereby slaves were rendered valuable and slave-breeding profitable; and that Slavery would have died out ere this, after becoming an intolerable burden to the masters, but for these annexations, which the Free States had the right to prevent, while they had no legal power over, consequently no right to abolish, slavery in Virginia.

It would seem needless to adduce considerations and insist on distinctions so obvious and palpable; but when we see men of undoubted ability and moral worth beating the air and leading others astray through lack of their perception, we cannot refrain from speaking, though we know that, so far as the apostles of this misdirection are concerned, all remonstrance is in vain. They will persevere as they have begun, being effective mainly in the utterance of sweeping phillipics against the Christian Church and the American Union, just adapted to being eagerly caught up and dilated on by pro-slavery orators and journals, in order to bury the Republican movement under the undeserved reproach of being hostile to Christianity and hostile to the Union.—*Tribune.*

THE GARRISONITES.

Curiosity, not an expectation of being interested or benefited, induced us to look in upon Garrison and his company, who, during the anniversary week, are allowed in this free country to abuse the Consititution and malign the fathers of the Republic. Garrison and his school of Abolitionists, it must be allowed, come much nearer honesty of action than any others who belong to the anti-slavery party. He acknowledges that the Constitution of the United States protects "slavery;" and that the Supreme Court has decided according to its spirit in its recent decision; but he claims that the instrument itself is "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"; hence he declares war against it, pledges his enmity to it to the last, and asserts that "it is blasphemy against God and treason to Christ" to acknowledge any Church to be a Christian one which upholds or in any way countenances "slaveholding." He reasons in this way: The negro is just such a being as himself, with the exception that through the accident of climate and artificial causes he has become black. Being just such a being as himself, he is, of course, entitled to the same rights, and hence it becomes the cause of common humanity to defend him and to overthrow "slavery." Acting on this assumption he associates with negroes; they are invited to his meetings, they sit upon the stand, and are scattered indiscriminately among the white people in the audience. How much more fully he carries his doctrines into practice may be doubted. Probably he eats with them at the same table, and upon a sharp test might sleep with one, but if asked to marry his daughter to even a very likely negro, there can be no doubt he would revolt from the suggestion with perfect indignation. He, however, carries his anti-slavery ideas out much more consistently than the "Republicans," and is besides vastly more honest in his interpretation of the Constitution. There is considerable logic in Garrison's ideas after all; vastly more, indeed, than in the "Republican" creed.

Wendell Phillips soundly scores the Republicans for their "prejudice" against the negro; and Parker Pillsbury congratulates his friends upon the progress which abolition sentiments are making. Seven years ago, he says, "Captain Rynders come upon them with a mob in this very city, but now all was changed." Rynders was United States Marshal and actually catching slavers in the East River instead of "hunting the friends of the slave." He inferred from this that "publicans and harlots were nearer the kingdom of Heaven than many ministers of the Gospel, and that Rynders was actually nearer to it than the editors of the New York *Observer*." Such are the principles and expectations of these Garrisonian Abolitionists. They hope to overthrow this "accursed Union," and form a Confederacy upon the doctrine of amalgamation. Their arguments are logical, but the result is so revolting that it is a wonder they are not lynched on the spot, just as any set of men would be if they proposed to inaugurate prostitution in the place of lawful matrimony. And yet it is only the necessary and logical end of assuming that a negro is entitled to the same rights as white men, which is the basis of the "Republican" party.

When we called in where the Garrisonites were assembled, we were struck with the very small number present and the prosy character of the speech a man upon the platform was delivering. It had none of the wit or genius of Parker, Phillips or Pillsbury, and was even as dull as a *Tribune* leader. The next speaker was an ugly, ungainly-looking mulatto woman, who threw off her bonnet and shawl and stepped to the edge of the platform and commenced reciting a speech that some one had written out for her. This was so apparent that no one could fail to detect it; indeed, her teacher had failed to make her as good an adept at the business as most school boys are at ten years of age. Before this clumsy deception was concluded, we became so disgusted that we left. There were probably three hundred persons present, two-thirds of whom were women, and perhaps there were fifty or a hundred negroes of different shades, from regular African jet to a light cream colour, scattered among the audience. The aspect of the entire affair was disgusting and repulsive in the highest degree, and the saddest feature of the whole was, to see women lending themselves to a cause which would lower their sex to a depth of degradation which would render a thousand deaths infinitely preferable.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

WHAT THEY ARE ALL AFTER.

Likely enough, the unreflecting reader will think we impart undue importance to the action of the Anti-Slavery Society in publishing a complete report of their proceedings. In the extravagance of language and the incongruous combination of colours and sexes which characterize this motley assemblage of crazy fanatics, there is so much of the bizarre and ludicrous, that we find a difficulty in contemplating the thing in any serious aspect.

It is always so. Madness has its mirth. In its extreme development tragedy is sure to exhibit some comic touches, as the poor lunatic alternates between tears and laughter. Of this singular contradiction in our nature, the great dramatist avails himself when he aspires to sway the human heart with the most abolute sovereignty of genius. How does the contrast between old Lear's unutterable sorrows and the witless Edgar's grinning nonsense, heighten the effect of the opposing pictures, and subdue the soul to the over-mastering fascination of the poet's story!

In like manner, and by virtue of the same principle, the comical characteristics of the Anti-Slavery Society enhance, rather than diminish, the effect of its serious utterances. The grim humour of Abby Kelley Foster's short speech about an "orthodox hell," harmonizes well with Garrison's terrible imprecations on the Union and the Constitution. The whole play is of a piece, and however abounding in ridiculous circumstances, is of too serious an import to be treated with levity.

To ascertain the ultimate aim of a party, we must watch, not the slow and reluctant motions of the bulk of its members, but the eager and rapid steps of those who precede and direct its march. This Anti-Slavery Society, of whose proceedings we are now speaking, is the vanguard of the great Abolition party; and if the South would be admonished of the ulterior designs of its enemies, it must hearken to the declarations of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Ten years ago the Anti-Slavery Society stood where Black Republicanism has just now taken its position. Ten years hence, the Black Republican party will stand upon the ground which the Anti-Slavery Society occupies at this moment. Garrison, and other leading minds among the Abolitionists, are in advance of their party; but the movement stays never an instant. The people of the North follow hard upon his heels; and if we stand awhile we shall see them pass where he now runs, in full pursuit of the same object. Their cry will be, "away with the Constitution, away with slavery, woe to the South—abolitionism must glut its fury, whatever be the consequence." Will not not the South be admonished in time? And being "forewarned," will it not be also "forearmed?"—*The (Richmond, Va.) South.*

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

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It would certainly be someting marvellous if, among so many men, of so many different creeds, opinions and beliefs, something should not occasionally come out in the heat of discussion, savouring more of denominational prejudice than of Christian charity; but—and making due allowance for human infirmity—on the whole, it is pleasing to bear testimony that, in this respect, there was much less, this season, to find fault with, than on many former occasions of the kind. Some exceptions, too, might be taken to an unseemly tendency to self-glorification for things accomplished rather that self-abasement for things left undone—an egotistical magnifying of one's self, often, rather than an humble confession of human shortcomings. But let all that pass. Enough that, in the aggregate, we have gratifying and substantial proof that while all the world is progressing in things temporal and things physical, the cause of Bible Christianity, religion and good morals, does not stand still. All this is something to be thankful for, surely—is it not?

There is another consideration of a gratifying character. The abolition madcaps, though quite as mad as usual, have not been given the opportunity to go back to their rural homes, to tell there that "free speech" was denied them in the city of New York. No doubt it would have much obliged Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Fred. Douglass, and others of that ilk, if the interruptions and "scenes" which used to mark their proceedings long ago, before Captain Rynders became U. S. Marshal, had been renewed on this occasion. It would have helped to make martyrs of them. As it is, they have been permitted, in a good degree,

> "to blush unseen,
> And waste their fragrance on the desert air."

Then, again, it is equally gratifying to know that we have not been scandalized this year by any "Amalgamation Breakfast," or "Fourier Convention." The omission of the former from the abolition programme would seem to indicate a recognition, at last, of some of the proprieties of life, on the part of the chief engineers of the "friends of freedom," while the total eclipse of the latter, it is reasonable to infer, is good evidence that it has quite died out.—*Express.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY-ITES.

If the Union were dissolved to-day—if there were no Constitution to curse—no Church to denounce—no "slaveholders" to refuse "fellowship" with—who believes that the amiable white and black gentlemen figuring at the Abolition Anniversary at the City Assembly Rooms, would not be just as miserable, just as fanatical, and, we may add, just as treasonable, as they are now? It is not in the nature of such spirits to be contented or satisfied with anything or anybody. They are grumblers by nature, by habit, by education. They cannot help it. There is not one among them that has not as much liberty personally, practically and socially as he can enjoy. There is not one of them who would be permitted, in any other land, to rail out against the Government, in anniversary fashion; yet, for all that, they are dying for "freedom," in an atmosphere where everything and everybody are free, free as the air we breathe. Why do not these gentlemen emigrate to Canada—if Uncle Sam is so horrible a despot—or, if they intend to live up to their doctrine, why don't they emigrate South, and preach freedom there, where slavery is? "Ah, dear friend," the answer will be, "don't you know that there is no liberty of speech there? Don't you know that we should be tarred and feathered, and driven pell-mell out of the country?" Well, we dare say all that would come to pass, Messrs. Phillips, Garrison and Remond. We are not inclined to challenge your suspicions in that particular; but, then, what is the use of having a "faith" or a "religion" that is not worth while dying for, or, at least, worth an application, if need be, of tar and feathers? The Apostles of old, you know, sealed their faith with their blood; they practiced what they preached; moral cowardice was a thing they were entire strangers to; but the principles you profess, we apprehend, are not the stuff to make martyrs of. Bold men you are on "the boards" here in New York—but your boldness is all for buncombe. "The blood of the martyrs," you say, "is the seed of the Church," and so it is; but if the Church you belong to waits till you sow the seed, we think it is a warrantable conclusion that the present generation will pass away before the harvest begins.—*Express.*

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Meanwhile we must content ourselves with the most powerful meetings of the week—the Yearly Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We have a growing conviction of the immense moral power wielded by this body of men and women. Nobody knows American slavery so well as they; there is nowhere such a firm, consistent, relentless, moral protest against the sum of all villanies as from this platform. The results of this moral protest cannot be measured. Every institution of man in America is compelled to respect the steadfast integrity of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. We estimate their theories of society and government, of which their orators are so proud, about on a par with other systems for extemporizing the New Jerusalem. The analysis of society and the construction of government is not their forte; and, as one of the various political parties, they will not figure largely in the history of the Republic. As a scaffolding of theory to stand upon, while they pour the hot shot of their moral indignation into the camp of oppression, their no-voting and disunion schemes may serve their own purpose; but the people understand pretty well what this amounts to. They go to their meetings to hear the grand sub-base from the ground swell of Garrison's prophetic indignation; to rejoice at the writhing of the politicians under the keen sacrificial knife of Phillips; to see Pillsbury break the blood-stained windows of every church of oppression with the jagged rocks of his Yankee sarcasm; to behold the humanity of Furness ebb and flow to the tidal music of the Golden Rule; to feel the great womanly heart of Lucy Stone overturning a wall of selfishness at every throb. And having gone in there, they all carry away a new love of freedom and hatred of oppression, forgetting the break-neck political theories, and forgiving the heinous exaggerations and acerbities that are the rubbish in the life-work of these faithful servants of freedom. * * * * *—*Christian Inquirer.*

ABOLITION RAMPANT—BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE.

The anniversary proceedings of the last few days in this city of the American Anti-Slavery Society, headed by Lloyd Garrison, and the New York Abolition Society, of which Gerrit Smith is the Chief, are perfectly astounding. Garrison's Society goes ahead of everything. Its platform—that the Federal Constitution is "a league with death and a covenant with hell"—has been illustrated this time with a sort of fanatical frenzy usually to be found only in lunatic asylums. John P. Hale and General Wilson, yea, even Horace Greeley, are too tame and lukewarm in the cause for such as Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, Lucy Stone and Abby Kelley Foster. As for Fremont, they pronounce him a "Palmetto man," and they utterly repudiate him. They will have nothing but disunion, revolution, and equal rights of all sorts to all colours and sexes. They are wild and furious for the French Jacobin Goddess of Reason and all her accessories. Massachusetts should send a police force for the capture of these horrid lunatics thus running at large, and they should be locked up in some humane asylum, and reduced, if possible, by a soothing system and by mild purgatives to their sober senses.

The Abolition Society of Gerrit Smith is a different concern. They believe in God, and that negro slavery to be a sin against God; they believe in black rebellion, incendiarism and murder, and the underground railroad, &c.; but they stand by the Federal Constitution, as an anti-slavery document; and they are in for the war against the Dred Scott decision. Fred. Douglass (black man), who can't swallow the shocking atrocities, blasphemies and insane ravings of Lloyd Garrison (white man), belongs to this Gerrit Smith society. Fred. sticks to the Constitution but goes in for negro insurrections with peculiar unction, and his white brethren seem to like it. In a word, abolitionism is rampant among us in these terrible orgies of knaves, fanatics, lunatics and traitors, of all sexes and colours, and bedlam is broke loose. If they were to go on another day at this rate it would be impossible to hold Captain Rynders. Thus far, we dare say, in watching the slave-traders he has forgotten these abominable abolition interlopers, and hence their escape.—*Herald.*

Don't be Alarmed, there is No Danger.—We fear our friends of Virginia and the South may be alarmed for the safety of the Union when they hear of the threats recently put forth by the Abolitionists and negro worshippers at their meetings in this city. We refer to the inflammatory and incendiary speeches of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, Douglass the nigger, and the other leaders of the party opposed to the Union. These threats are no doubt very alarming to our Southern fellow-citizens, but there is no need further to disturb themselves. Whenever Garrison, Phillips and the others take the field we will summon together 10,000 men in this city at a few minutes' notice—we will put at their head Chevalier Webb, and at their tail Marshal Rynders, with John Van Buren for their counsellor (or we will reverse the order and put Captain Rynders at their head and the Chevalier Webb at their tail) and shall put down the whole of them in six hours. The Union is still safe. We assure our friends in the South it is perfectly safe.—*Herald.*

Selections.

THE POINDEXTER SLAVE CASE.

SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.

Hon. T. W. Bartley, Chief Justice; Hon. J. R. Swan, Hon. J. Brinkerhoff, Hon. O. Bowen and Hon. J. Scott, Justices.

FRIDAY, May 8, 1857.

John Anderson vs. Henry Poindexter and others. Error to the District Court of Clermont County.

Bowen, J., delivered the opinion of the Court, holding:

1. That neither Ohio nor Kentucky can demand an abrogation of the Constitution and municipal laws of the other, as a matter of comity; and if a person claimed as a slave in Kentucky comes into Ohio by the direction or consent of his owner, even for a temporary business purpose, the Constitution and laws of Ohio operate on the condition of such person, and effect his immediate emancipation.

2. When a person held in slavery by the municipal law of the State in which he lives once becomes free by virtue of the laws of another country or State, into which he goes by the consent of his owner, it is not in the power of the latter ever to reduce him again to his former condition of servitude, under any law which this Court can recognise as valid.

3. By laws of Kentucky, a person who is held and treated as a slave has no capacity to make any contract whatever, and promissory notes given to his master by himself and sureties for him, in the purchase of his freedom, are illegal and void, as to both principal and sureties.

Bartley, Ch. J., dissenting from some of the views expressed in the opinion of the majority of the Court as to one of the grounds of the decision, based his conclusions in the case upon the following points:

1. That although the removal of a negro slave from Kentucky into Ohio, for the purpose of residence or change of domicil, has the effect to emancipate the slave, yet, by the comity of nations and the still higher obligations resting on the people of the several States of the American Union, in the free commercial and social intercourse with each other, authorized by the Constitution of the United States, a negro held as a slave in Kentucky does not become free by simply passing through Ohio on a journey with, or by permission of, his master, or, as in this case, by being sent on an errand into Ohio and returning immediately into Kentucky; and this comity between States and nations cannot be construed to infringe the fundamental and local law of domicil of either State.

2. That the contract in this case being, like every other contract, governed by the *lex loci*, and having been made in Kentucky, where, by the local law as expounded by the Courts of that State, a slave does not become free by a simple sojourn *in itinere* in a free State, could not have been without consideration, on the ground that Poindexter was free at the time he gave the note.

On the other points, to wit:

1. That Poindexter, under the laws of Kentucky, being a slave, had no legal capacity to make a contract with his master; and, 2, that the mere executory promise of Anderson to set Poindexter free at a future period, being wholly void by the laws of Kentucky, was not a legal and valuable consideration for the notes, the Chief Justice concurred with the majority of the Court in the judgment for the defendants.

JUDGE BRINKERHOFF'S OPINION.

Brinkerhoff, J.—For the reason that the principles involved in this case are of great moment, and are now regarded with general and peculiar interest, I will depart from the ordinary usage of the Court briefly to state separately the grounds on which I place my concurrence in the judgment we are about to enter.

The case made in the pleading and proof is this:

Henry Poindexter, held as a slave in Kentucky, executed, together with his co-defendants as sureties, to the plaintiff, Anderson, who claimed a legal right to hold him, the promissory note sued on in the Common Pleas of Clermont County, in this State; in consideration of which note, and others, the plaintiff agreed to and did release Poindexter from the slavery in which he was held, and promising to give him his "free papers" or deed of emancipation, so soon as this note, and other notes given at the same time and for the same consideration, should be fully paid. Before the giving of these notes, Poindexter, with the knowledge and consent, and sometimes by the direction of Anderson, had, in several instances, come into the State of Ohio, and, after remaining a short time in doing errands on which he was sent, had voluntarily, but probably in ignorance of his rights, returned into Kentucky and resumed his residence with Anderson. After the giving of the notes, Poindexter laboured awhile for Anderson for wages, and then took up his residence in Ohio.

The case in the Common Pleas was submitted to the Court for trial, and a judgment was rendered for the defendants. The plaintiff then appealed to the District Court, which also gave judgment for the defendants. And to reverse that judgment this petition in error is prosecuted.

Two questions properly arise in this case:

1. It is contended for the plaintiff that the case, by the comity of nations and States, is to be determined by the *lex loci contractus*, and that by the laws of Kentucky, where the note sued on was executed, it was a valid note.

Now, granting, for the sake of argument, what I do not admit, but what, on the contrary, I deny, that the *lex loci* is to decide the validity of the note, how, then, stands the case?

Under the laws of Kentucky, a slave is incapable of contracting. He can hold no property. He can acquire no rights. His natural domestic relations even are ignored. He has not a right to the child he has begotten to nurture it, nor to the wife he has chosen and cherished, to protect her. According to the theory of those laws, the slave belongs to the master as property, and descends to his heirs as real estate. No contract can increase the liabilities of the one or the power of the other. A contract of emancipation imparts to the slave no legal right, and imposes upon the master no legal obligation. It is simply nugatory and void. The promise of the slave to pay money in consideration of such a contract is null. Being null when made, no subsequent act of emancipation on the part of the master can impart to it any new force. It thus results logically, from the theory of the slave code of Kentucky, that the note which the plaintiff now seeks to enforce here was invalid there. And moreover, by chapter 93, article 9, of the Revised Statutes of that State, and which seems to be still in force, emancipation, except by deed or last will and testament, executed in conformity to its provisions, is prohibited. So that under the legislation of Kentucky, Poindexter has never yet been legally emancipated, and thereby rendered competent to contract.

2. But were it otherwise, could this note be enforced by judicial procedure in Ohio? By the laws of nature, all persons are free. No human being is born, or can be born a slave. The laws, by a stretch of courtesy, so-called, of particular countries or States, may subject certain persons to be held and treated as the mere transferable instruments of other persons; and this subjugation, which constitutes slavery, originating in force and fraud, and upheld by local laws which adopt and sanction the original wrong, may attach immediately after birth, as the effect of positive law in derogation of natural right. But still it remains true that the absolute and equal freedom of all persons at birth is a fundamental principle of American institutions, proclaimed with independence, and incapable of abrogation. This principale was, by the Ordinance of 1787, impressed on the soil of Ohio before there was an organized community within her limits; it is fundamental in her organization—always embodied in her Constitution—and her laws, her policy, and the convictions, the morals and the religion of her people are instinct with its spirit.

The moment any person comes within the territorial limits of Ohio, his personal rights are ascertained and determined by the Constitution and laws of Ohio. There is no exception to this rule, save in the case of a person, who, being held to service in another State, escapes into this. In such a case the Constitution of the United States declares that the fugitive "shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour shall be due."

There is nothing in this article of compact which gives any sanction to that slavery, the essential element of which is asserted property in man—nothing inconsistent with the purpose of the framers of that Constitution, clearly manifested in their debates as reported by Mr. Madison, to avoid all recognition of "the idea that there may be property in man."—3d Madison Papers, 1,429, 30.

It establishes no rule which does not apply equally to all "persons held to service." It takes up and deals with the broad and general relation of master and servant, but has nothing whatever to do with the relation of owner and property.

When, therefore, a person held as a slave in another State escapes into this State he ceases to be, in any proper sense of the word, a slave. And the Courts of Ohio, I apprehend, would decline to recognise or enforce any contract of purchase or sale, wherever made, of which he might be the subject while thus within our limits. The relation of subjection as property, created by the local law of the State he has left, cannot follow him beyond the limits of the sovereignty which established it. In Ohio he is a man, liable, it may be, to be delivered up on due claim and proof, but yet a man, "a person held to service," and in every other respect than this, a free man. When once so delivered up, and taken back to the State from which he escaped, the relation of a slave may reattach under the local law. Until then, subject only to this liability, he remains free.

In the case now before this Court there was no escape from Kentucky into Ohio. Poindexter came into Ohio on several occasions with the consent or by the order of the plaintiff. So coming, he became entitled to the full benefit of the express prohibition of slavery by our State Constitution. To all intents and purposes whatsoever he was free; his condition and status were that of a freeman; his master, by consenting to his coming, must be held to have consented to his freedom, which, whether he consented or not, was established by law. And being thus free, wherever he might go or be taken, he could not again be enslaved by any law which this Court can recognise as valid. And this doctrine has been frequently held, even in States where enforced property in men, with all its repulsive features and odious attributes, is sanctioned and upheld by the local law.—Marie Louise v. Marat, 9 L. R. 475; Smith v. Smith, 13 L. R. 444.

If a person held as a slave can be brought or sent into Ohio for one hour, and still retain his *status* as a slave, then the same thing can be done for a day, a week, a month, a year, a lifetime; and thus this institution, the shame of our country, and the opprobrium of Christendom, be virtually established on a soil so often and solemnly devoted to absolute freedom.

From the Declaration of Independence until very recently, it was never questioned that, in the United States, a person once legally free is always free. The doctrine has been regarded as a part of American common law. Courts have differed as to facts which constitute a title to freedom, but have, almost with one mind, concurred in the doctrine that no man once free, can be again enslaved except for crime. In my judgment—and such I understand to be the judgment also of four of the five members of this Court—Poindexter, having come into a free State otherwise than by escape, was free, and having thus become free, could not again be reduced to slavery. And this opinion governs the decision of a majority of the Court; because, if free, the note given in consideration of emancipation, was without consideration, and therefore void.

But, it is said that the note was at least given in consideration of a compromise and release of a doubtful claim, and therefore is valid. Not so, the promise was made by Poindexter while under duress, and wrongful duress, in consideration of release from that usurped dominion, and therefore imposes no valid obligation either in morals or in law.—1 Parsons on Contracts, 319; Mays vs. Cincinnati. 1 O. S. R. 268.

We are aware that in Kentucky it has been decided that a person held as a slave in that State, who may have been taken for a temporary purpose into a free State, and brought, or coming back again, is not thereby enfranchised but is remanded to the condition in which he was before held; and it is urged that the principle of international and interstate comity requires us to recognise and enforce this rule. The clear and sufficient answer to this claim is, that comity is not a matter to be demanded as a right, else it would cease to be comity. Like courtesy among individuals, how far the principle of State comity shall be carried in any case or class of cases, is at the discretion of the State called on for its exercise. And no State of the civilized world has ever felt itself bound to carry the doctrine of comity to the extent of subverting its own established policy.

But, it is said, it is no part of the policy of Ohio to discourage emancipation in Kentucky. This is true; it is also true that it is no part of the policy of Ohio to encourage emancipation in Kentucky. Ohio has nothing to do with the subject of emancipation in Kentucky. But she has something to do with the *status* of persons coming within her own jurisdiction; and it is properly part of her policy to see to it, that a violation of the rights growing out of that *status* shall not, in her Courts, be recognised as a valid foundation of a legal obligation.

The enslavement, by local authority, of a man once free, presents the monstrosity of a legalized wrong; it is iniquity intensified and hardened into law; and when the subject is legitimately before us, it is due to that principle of righteousness which is the soul of all law worthy of the name, and it becomes us, as the administrators of such law, to protest against, condemn, and as far as may be, consistently with constitutional obligation, to nullify it, because it is wrong, rather than to lend it an indirect sanction through a morbid exaggeration of the spirit of courtesy.

The policy of Kentucky is to uphold the claims of masters. Her Court upholding this policy, refuses to recognise any obligation of comity or otherwise to enforce the Ohio rule of freedom—Collins v. America, 9, B. Monroe, 572.

The fundamental, organic and unremitted policy of Ohio is to maintain the rights of men, and her tribunals, giving just effect to this policy, must not permit themselves to be moved by the plea of comity to turn aside from the plain path it prescribes to the support of the Kentucky rule of slavery. This policy of Ohio is hers by virtue of her own sovereign choice. She will, I trust, never permit it to be called in question. If she does she will doubtless find suitable organs for the utterance of her altered will, but as an humble member of this Court I can never consent to become the medium of its surrender.

THE HANGING OF THREE NEGROES IN LOUISVILLE BY A MOB.

From The Louisville Journal, May 15.

Yesterday afternoon the arguments of counsel were concluded in the case of the three negroes charged with the murder of the Joyce family, in this County, several months ago. Judge Bullock then charged the jury, who retired, and in a short time returned with a verdict of "Not guilty." It would have been impossible, we are told by lawyers, to render a different verdict considering the nature of the testimony introduced by the prosecution, which consisted mainly of the statements of one of the negroes implicated in the crime. Besides, Judge Bullock, in his charge, declared this evidence to be entitled to but little if any credit.

Immediately after the rendition of the verdict, the greater portion of the persons in the court-room left and proceeded toward the jail where the accused were confined. The crowd was somewhat excited, and manifested a desire to satisfy themselves with executing summary vengeance upon the negroes, who they conceived were improperly acquitted. Arriving in front of the jail, they were met at the gate by the Chief of the Police and a body of his men, who resisted their attempt to enter. Foiled in their efforts, the excited crowd retired, and, until night, were gathered in the vicinity, but made no further demonstrations. In the meantime the police force was strengthened, and arrangements made for the defence of the jail in view of a contemplated attack. By nightfall the multitude had greatly swelled in numbers, and the excitement was manifestly increasing. The majority of the persons present, however, appeared to be merely spectators, taking no part in the disturbance. Appeals were made of a highly inflammatory nature, and the indignation of the people was naturally heightened. Finally a desperate onslaught was made, the prison fence was broken, and the large crowd rushed to the door. Several shots were fired, and the force within returned by the discharge of blank cartridges. This firm resistance further maddened the already infuriated mob. A party of men and boys forced an entrance into the building where the artillery is kept, and, procuring a cannon, heavily loaded it with every description of deadly missiles. This was planted within a few feet of the prison door, which was already battered down, and the windows broken in. Threats were made to discharge the cannon into the small ante-chamber where Mr. Thomas, the jailor, and his deputies, Mayor Pilcher, and about twenty policemen, were stationed.

Further resistance would have been utterly futile, and at the imminent peril of the life of every one of the gentlemen who were attempting to defend the prison. It would also have resulted in demolishing the prison defences and safeguards and freed more than fifty prisoners. Under these circumstances the officials in charge found themselves forced to the painful measure of delivering up the negroes. These officers had during the evening conducted themselves with much manliness, and for two hours before dark had successfully kept at bay the attacking mob. Had the crowd been dispersed when it first assembled and engaged in disorderly proceedings, the terrible tragedy that ensued could have been arrested.

Three of the prisoners being delivered up, a razor was given to the fourth in the jail (Jack, the property of Mr. Samuels, of Bullitt County), and he cut his throat, severing the jugular vein and windpipe, and producing instant death. The wound was of the most horrible character, and a more ghastly spectacle was scarc

these occasions by the respectability and purse of the non-resistant Vigilants.

This statement will be news, we make no doubt, to those who have always considered the Vigilance leaders as the boldest "firebrands" in the party.

Since May, 1854, however, the League has matured its organization in its present form, and spread itself through every town and village in the State of Massachusetts. Coloured men are excluded from its ranks, and the total number of members is known only to the five who form the Executive Directors. But its strength may be judged from the fact that its leaders now defy the General Government to capture a slave in the Bay State outside the range of the cannon of the Navy Yard and federal forts in Boston. They have arms, ammunition and ships—two schooners certainly—for the transport of fugitives to Canada; and they allege that several depôts of State arms are within their grasp at any moment they may choose to seize them. They have also prepared more than one hiding-place and ammunition store amongst the hills and islands of Massachusetts. Their motto, as we said before, is "Everything for the Cause"; and their motive seems less one of sympathy to the flying bondman than a desire to preserve the "sacred soil of the Puritans" from being converted into "a human hunting-gound."

For the present we content ourselves with stating these facts without any comment or application; but every reader must behold, even in their naked statement, the inevitable reaction which the course of the extreme Southern secessionists has provoked.

CONFERENCE OF WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

ITS ANTI-SLAVERY RESOLUTIONS.

From The Alton Courier, May 19.

THIS body closed its session on Saturday evening. There were one hundred and fifty-one delegates present. Sermons have been preached by Rev. J. H. Haywood, Rev. W. D. Haley, Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. J. Phipps, Rev. W. R. Alger, Rev. J. F. Clarke, and Rev. S. J. May.

Most of the time was absorbed in the discussion of the following resolutions, which were offered by the Rev. M. D. Conway:

Whereas, It can be no question among Christians who worship "our Father in Heaven," recognising thus the Fatherhood of our God and Brotherhood of Man, as to whether an institution which surrenders one man, body and soul, to the will of another; which denies to a race of men, homes to be their castles, and thereby the sources of culture and happiness; which denies millions the sacred rights of the marital and parental relations; which requires ignorance as a condition; which encourages licentiousness and cruelty; which scars a country all over with incidents which appal and outrage the human world, is a subject for their most earnest consideration; and,

Whereas, by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott case, slavery is made no longer a distant evil, but by the obliteration of its limitations it is fastened on every man, woman and child in America, through their federal relation, staining the hands of all with the blood of brothers; therefore,

Resolved, That Slavery and Freedom are now brought face to face in inevitable grip in this land, and that each Christian freeman must choose which he will serve.

Resolved, That we regard the decision as one of a series of deliberate assaults on civil and religious freedom in America, whose links are traceable through the infamous subjugation of free Kansas, the Nebraska act, the Fugitive Slave law and the Texas war; and that these open designs on our liberties demand a firm, united effort of the free States to emancipate our country at any cost whatever, and enthrone Justice, "though the heavens fall."

Resolved, That we cannot for an instant allow this to be a sectional question, as of the North against the South, but of slavery against freedom; and that our sympathy is not more for the wronged African than for those whose maintenance of the institution has brought injury.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Christians everywhere, in and out of the pulpit, to discuss freely and fully before the people this crime against man, and therefore against God, and all the more as its entrenchments grow stronger—to hold the free States to their duties to this wronged race in respect to their right of suffrage and education—and remembering that honesty is also policy, that right never wronged any man, to trust the results of such action to the God of the right, beyond whose hand no atom of the universe can ever get.

An animated discussion ensued upon the presentation of these resolutions, pending which the following point of order was raised by Judge Treat, of St. Louis, and ruled out by the chair. The point was afterwards embodied in the form of resolutions, and again ruled out.

"1st. That as this Assembly is a Conference, and not an ecclesiastical Convention or Synod, it would be subversive of the very foundations of the Conference itself to lay down a platform of theology, or any platform of faith whatsoever.

"2d. That this is a religious, not a political or politico-religious assembly; and therefore it should not lay down any dogmas on political or politico-religious questions, nor assume to discharge the duties of Congress or of the duly constituted judicial tribunals of the land, nor undertake a revision of the Federal Constitution.

"3d. That as a Conference of Congregational Churches, represented by delegates, this assembly has no power beyond that delegated, and cannot exercise ecclesiastical or creed-making authority, as such actions would be a usurpation, destructive of Church independence and of the very essence of Congregationalism."

Rev. Dr. Elliot offered the following as a substitute for the resolutions, and they were ruled out by the chair:

ELLIOT'S SUBSTITUTE.

1. Resolved, That upon the subject of slavery, and upon all other subjects of social reform, the members of this Conference are and should be left entirely to their individual judgment and freedom of action.

2. Resolved, That each Church and each minister of Christ is bound deliberately and conscientiously to adopt such principles of action, and pursue such a course, upon all subjects of reform, as may seem to them right under the law of Jesus Christ.

3. Resolved, That the delegates composing this Conference have no right and are clothed with no authority to prescribe principles and modes of action, or articles of faith, for the Churches which they represent.

4. Resolved, That, therefore, this Conference, while it opens all such objects for free and proper discussion, declines taking any action, by resolution or otherwise, which would complicate or interfere with the individual action of its members, as above enjoined.

An appeal was taken from the ruling of the chair, and as gentlemen on both sides of the main issue seemed to differ upon the ruling, the whole matter was referred to a Committee of five.

On Saturday morning, the Committee, through their Chairman, Rev. J. H. Haywood, of Louisville, Ky., reported as follows:

"The question—'What opinion does this Conference hold in regard to slavery, and what course of action in reference to slavery will it prescribe to the Churches connected with it?'—having been referred, your Committee would respectfully answer:

"That as far as they are acquainted with the opinions of the members of the Conference here assembled, and made known in public discussions and private conversation, there is entire unanimity in regarding the system of slavery as evil and wrong, doomed by God to pass away through the influence of the truths proclaimed by his Son—of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and of that all powerful spirit of piety and love, of gratitude and humanity, born of the spirit of God, and which rejoices in rendering hearty obedience to the divine injunction, 'to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.'

"That as to prescribing a course of action to the Churches here represented, the Conference has no such power. It is not a Presbytery or Synod—it is not an association or consociation invested with ecclesiastical power—but simply a Conference; a meeting of members of Congregational Churches, which most scrupulously cherish free congregational independence; of brothers and sisters, of Christian friends, who come together as their hearts prompt, and with as little formality as possible, to confer together upon the great Christian interests which are inestimably dear to their souls; and by meditation, prayer, free interchange of thought and feeling to quicken their piety, to make clearer and more effective their sense of duty, to increase their moral and spiritual power, that they may return to their several homes to work with earnestness and single-mindedness, to do all within their ability in their respective spheres to Christianize society and make the kingdoms of this world, in deed and truth as well as in name, the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

"This statement your Committee respectfully submit to the Conference for its adoption."

A discussion took place upon the acceptance and adoption of the report, in the course of which the Rev. Dr. Elliot, Hon. Judge Treat, Hon. Wayman Crow, and four or five other gentlemen, members of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis, respectfully withdrew from membership in the Conference.

Various other matters of special interest to the Conference were decided, and the Conference adjourned on Saturday, to meet next year in Cincinnati.

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS DEFAMERS.

From The Independent.

ITS virulent opposition to Richard Baxter, and its defence of Chief Justice Jeffries, have secured for the *Observator* of that day a passing mention in Macaulay's history. The like course of the *N. Y. Observer*, in its abuse of Dr. Cheever, and its defence of the infamous decision of the Supreme Court, may possibly secure for that journal a passing recognition in the literature of the next century. Indeed, as the names of certain citizens of Northampton in the last century, live only in connection with the fact that they defamed President Edwards for preaching the truth, so the names of sundry persons now-a-days may possibly go down to posterity, if they will but signalize themselves in defaming a preacher of righteousness.

But the *Observer* finds little favor or support in its present policy. The *Courier and Enquirer* has administered a just rebuke to its cowardly assault upon Dr. Cheever. We hope, ere long, to find room for some noble sentiments of that journal. The following extracts from an editorial in *The Congregationalist*, called forth by the *Observer's* defamation, will be read with interest by all.

"God sometimes raises up a man through whose soul His awful earnestness seems to flow in a stream unmixed, unimpeded, and unchilled. He specially selects and endows such men when the impious madness of a people, or their rulers, demands a clear enunciation of His will. If ever there was occasion for such men in any land or sea, it is in these United States in this present year of grace. We have had, from a little junto of judicial conspirators against God and humanity, an 'opinion,' in reference to the poor African, more hideous than the decree of Ahasuerus to slaughter every Jew in his kingdom, or the order of Herod to butcher every infant in Bethlehem.

"Dr. Cheever certainly needs no endorsement or eulogy from us. His sweetly devotional writings have endeared him to tens of thousands of households in New England. His noble service for temperance, for the Bible in our common schools, and for sound views of divine justice, is matter of common pride to our American Christianity. But since he is a son of the Pilgrims—having gone to his present prominent station from our staid old neighbor-city, Salem, and since he has brought down into a slavish generation the God-fearing heroism of the Pilgrims, and has been foully abused for that, it is eminently fit that we should return him honour.

"New England may well take a pride in him. He *is* a representative man, notwithstanding the slur above quoted. Not more truly did Mr. Sumner embody in Washington the detestation of human chattelism that stirs the bosom of Massachusetts, than does Dr. Cheever represent, in New York, the anti-slavery zeal of the clergy and people of New England. His 'madness' is a halo of glory to his head. It is the madness of Paul, reasoning before an iniquitous judge of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. It is the madness of Luther at the Diet of Worms—of Baxter before the tribunal of Jeffries.

"We give thanks for the grace of Christian heroism freely bestowed on a brother so honoured and beloved. And blessed be God that the day of 'dumb dogs' in the pulpit—cowed down by the crack of the slave-driver's lash into silence—is passing away! Blessed be God for the hope that His Church will yet rise as an asylum for freedom in this land—as a rock of refuge, against which the decisions of slaveholding judges will shiver themselves into fragments, as clouds dashed against the granite foreheads of the Alps!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1857.

THE last number of this paper was devoted, almost exclusively, to a pretty full and very accurate report of the sayings and doings of the two days Annual Meeting of the previous week, and our readers, we presume, will agree with us, that, on the whole, the speeches and resolutions, on that occasion, represent, with tolerable fullness and fairness, the spirit and the philosophy of the Anti-Slavery Movement. All, perhaps, was not said that might have been said, nor all done that might have been done; but about as much of good speaking on as many of the topics which come legitimately before an Anti-Slavery Convention was compressed within that two days, as could well be. There was much less than usual—indeed hardly anything—of distracting debate on side issues. Not one of that class of people whom Emerson once called the "fleas of Conventions" hopped about the platform, irritating, annoying or amusing the audience. There was no beggarly account of empty benches, at any time, to depress and chill the speakers; but the house was always well filled with earnest people who evidently hungered and thirsted for the true doctrine, and rejoiced to go away filled. The speakers all marked out the work they meant to do, and did it; and every moment, from the beginning to the end of the two days meeting, was filled with stating broadly and clearly, and in enforcing earnestly and ably the great principles on which the Anti-Slavery Movement is based, the measures needed and used to establish them, the obstacles which they encounter, and how they are and have been met. The daily press, moreover, for the most part, treated us well in their reports; and we may enjoy the reflection, that now, if never before, we had a good opportunity to make a fair representation of ourselves, and the public a fair chance to understand us. We may turn, therefore, with more than usual interest to hear what the public, as represented by the press, thinks about the matter. On our first page accordingly may be found three columns of very instructive, and somewhat entertaining comments which we have culled from our contemporaries.

And certainly, as far as the press represents the public, it is evident that the public has not yet fallen in love with us. As yet we are in no danger of that intoxication which comes of too much praise. "What foolish thing have I said," asked a great orator, "that the mob applauds me?" The Anti-Slavery Convention has not yet been compelled to make that painful self-examination by the mob of newspapers.

There are still, as ever, two classes of objectors. One professes to approve of our work, but does not like the way we do it. The other honestly and frankly disapproves of the work altogether. And it is curious to see how much more clear-sighted are these open enemies than the professed friends. The men who sincerely and openly defend slavery know well enough who are its worst and most dangerous enemies. They know that the man who comprehends that terrible tyranny, if he hates it at all hates it with his whole soul, if he has one, and to get at it, for a close hand-to-hand fight, will turn aside for no obstacle, but rather level to the dust, if need be, anything that impedes his onward march as so many bulwarks to the stronghold he means to wipe off from the face of the earth. These trembling defenders know very well that the enemy who advances in that straightforward determined way sees what he wants, and means to get at it; and as they yield, inch by inch, they know that they have no hope unless they can stay this unrelenting and fearful assailant behind some of those impediments of Church, or State, or party which tower up above his head, or entangle his feet. Instinct, after all, is a great matter; and so long as such opponents to the cause of the slave, and such friends and champions of the system of slavery, as the *The* (New York) *Day Book* and *The* (Richmond) *South* instinctively recognise the Abolitionists as the foe to be dreaded, and as the pioneers in whose footsteps all earnest new comers must tread, so long they may thank God and take courage, whatever Mr. Gradgrind of *The Times* or Mr. Chadband of *The Tribune* may think of it.

With this class of objectors, who will oppose us to the bitter end because they hate, and avow their hate, the work we have set ourselves to do, we have no fault to find. They neither shift nor shun the issue, but meet us on an open field, and fight under their own blood-red flag with a good will, and a downright purpose. For them we have that sort of respect which one always feels for outspoken villany of any sort, which disdains concealment and detests hypocrisy. If they are only mistaken perhaps they will be converted; if they are wilfully depraved they will certainly be conquered. Either way they will be disposed of in due season.

But the other class of opponents, such as the *Times* and *Tribune* show themselves to be in the articles from their columns, there is the more reason to dread, because under the mask of friendship to the cause they conceal a real hostility. They are anti-slavery so far as being so will serve their personal or partisan ends, and no farther. The editor of *The Times* distinctly assures us, in his article, that he knows of no higher faith for himself or humanity than may be found in the Gospel of the Rule of Three. The Ten Commandments are, perhaps, well enough in their way, but on the ten numerals hang the Law and the Prophets, and the whole duty of man is in the art of ciphering. The Tables which the Lord gave to Moses were slates, and the purest dispensation is the latest arithmetic. Can we encounter a more fatal influence, in solving the great problem of American slavery, than one which will thus reduce it to a mere question of dollars and cents? Can the man who will settle the destiny of a people by a Balance Sheet ever get beyond his own personal account of Profit and Loss?

The Tribune pretends to a soul above the Multiplication Table. The radical defect he finds in this Society is not so much a want of ciphering as its stubborn refusal to perceive, to recognise and to regard various distinctions, limitations and facts. He likens it to a pedestrian who draws a bee-line from the point he starts from to the point he means to reach, regardless of mountains and morasses. We accept the figure, but except to the application. We draw the bee-line, because—and this should please *The Times*—according to geometry, the shortest distance from one point to another is a straight line, and, like good engineers, we endeavour to tunnel such mountains and bridge over such morasses as come in our way. *The Tribune*, for instance, is a morass, and we shall try to get over it. *The Times* is a mountain, and we bring figures to bear upon it to calculate its diameter. We anticipate its retort by telling it we mean to *bore* it. *The Tribune's* real trouble, however, is not that we do not try to pass it, but that we will not let it turn us back. It knows of a pleasant road kept in order by one Republican, into which it wants the Pilgrim to turn his weary footsteps, but which, if he ever enters upon it, he will find is not in the way to the Delectable Mountains.

There are "mistaken assumptions," *The Tribune* thinks, in the resolution it quotes, and it will state them. Thereupon it begins with No. 1, but, not having the proclivity of *The Times* for figures, it never gets to No. 2. One, however, answers its purpose, and it will ours. It is this: that the North sanctions and supports slavery. Is there any mistake about this? Is the three-fifths rule a sanction or not? Is the clause of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitives a support or not? But let us state it in broader terms; and before we get to the end of *The Tribune's* paragraph we have its own words for it—"We are *morally bound* by the *spirit* and *genius* of the Union not to make that Union a lever for the overthrow of the domestic institutions of sister States." This domestic institution is—so *The Tribune* calls it—"a dreadful evil," "unjust and pernicious," "a crime," which we have "bound" ourselves not to meddle with. Is that sanction and support or not?

That the North *does* support and sanction the system of slavery in the old slave States is the only assumption of the resolution; and taking that for granted—*The Tribune* itself acknowledging it—the resolution then proceeds to argue that, *therefore*, there can be no moral consistency in opposing its extension elsewhere. Is not the conclusion inevitable? If not, then we may reverence moral consistency in any rogue professing to be a saint; in the keeper of a roulette table becoming a member of an anti-gambling society; in a pickpocket joining in the hue and cry of "stop thief!" in a pimp joining a society for moral reform; in a slave-trader denouncing the domestic slave trade; or a Governor Wise exposing the horrors of the middle passage. But having declared that to be an assumption, which it presently acknowledges is no assumption, but a fact, *The Tribune* proceeds to show, as if anybody had disputed it, that we should exercise the power of prohibition wherever we possess it. Here, at least, we are agreed. We may rejoice at any show of moral compunctions in a wicked people, and be even encouraged thereby to point out to them their moral inconsistency. Let us prohibit slavery in Kansas, if we can, with whatever of moral or physical strength there may be left in the Northern people, and can be brought to bear in that direction. It will be something—it will be a great deal—if the North can be led to believe, and to act upon the belief, that slavery is, anywhere, "a dreadful evil," and "a crime," and shall not, there fore, exist, for a moment, in Kansas. But the Abolitionists go a step farther, and begin a step earlier. They believe—and it is a faith they live, and mean to die by—that this crime and evil, is, not only, so infernal and dreadful that it should never be established where it may now have no existence, but that it ought to be utterly and ruthlessly destroyed where it exists already. More than this; they hold that if the tree is uprooted there will be no more evil fruits—if the poisonous fountain is dried up, that there will be no more waters of bitterness—if slavery is destroyed in the States, there will be none to extend to the Territories. Is there any flaw in this logic? The crime and evil which you will not permit to be extended, we ask that you shall not sanction and support in its stronghold and home. We remind you that you are morally inconsistent in feeding the fire while you shout at the possible disaster which the flying sparks may create at a distance. Put out the fire; or if you think it more useful to chase and shout after the sparks, get out of the way, let us get at the fire, and keep you your wood out of it.

And yet there are many excellent people who quite agree with *The Tribune*, and altogether disagree with us. Indeed most of the excellent people are on its side, as it takes occasion to assure us—a fact which worried us in former years, till we got used to being in a minority, and found, by looking into some old books that it had happened before in the world's history to people who, it turned out in the end, were almost exactly right after all. But where is the disagreement? Slavery is "a terrible evil" and "a crime," says *The Tribune*. Granted; only we should state it, perhaps, a little more strongly. It ought not, therefore, to be extended to new Territory? says our neighbour. Granted again, we answer; and now let us put a question. If slavery should not be extended to new Territory because it is a crime and an evil, then we ought not to sanction and support it elsewhere, and whence it spreads to new Territories? *Not* granted, shouts *The Tribune*. And why? Because, first, replies our logical and consistent friend, we don't support and sanction it; and, second, because we have bound ourselves by the spirit and genius of the Union to do nothing for the overthrow of the domestic institutions of the South! "My son," said a patient mother, "why don't you do as I bid you?" "I can't mother," replied the boy. "Why not?" "'Cause I'm tied to the bed-post." "Tied! who tied you, my poor child?" "I tied myself!"

The difference between us, after all, is simply this: We so abhor slavery, that we mean to abolish it if we can and as one step toward it we refuse to sanction or support the system anywhere. We think that will help to free the slave; at any rate it frees us. *The Tribune*, and its class, on the other hand, have no abhorrence of this sort. They think slavery a crime—an evil too great to be extended—and altogether a thing it would be well to be rid of. But a sin against God which the nation is called upon to repent of? An outrage upon man which should be allowed to exist not a moment longer? Oh! not at all; it is not to be looked at all in that sort of light. There are distinctions, and limitations, and facts to be perceived, and recognised, and regarded; there is the Church to be reverenced; the Union whose spirit and genius bind us not to make it a lever to establish justice; and the party which we mean to support. When slavery can be abolished with due regard to all these considerations and institutions, and distinctions, and limitations, we shall be glad to see it done. But in the meantime these men who counsel the doing of it without such regard are mere apostles of misdirection—a mere contemptible minority, who, therefore, of course, must be in the wrong.

The Tribune's string of transparent fallacies is fitly rounded off by the closing fling at the Abolitionists for "sweeping philippics against the Christian Church and the American Union, just adapted to be caught up and dilated upon by pro-slavery orators and journals" to the injury of the Republican party. All this dove-tails nicely into the impertinent abuse of the vagabond newspaper whose article we have placed beneath it. But when it suits *The Tribune's* purpose it can set us the example in philippics against both Church and State; and however bad a use pro-slavery journals may make of our words hereafter, they can be put to no baser one than that which *The Tribune* itself made of them, when, in the last Presidential campaign, it misrepresented Garrison and Phillips by garbled extracts from their writings and speeches, to prove that the abolitionists were in favour of Buchanan, that thereby the Locofocos of Pennsylvania, or anywhere else where they were stupid enough to be so taken in, might be persuaded that Republicans were not anti-slavery.

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS CHURCH.

SIXTEEN members of the Church of the Puritans, on the the 27th of April last, addressed a letter to their Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, suggesting to him that it was his duty, out of regard to "the spiritual interests, as well as the stability and perpetuity of the Society," to resign the pastorate. The signers professed a high respect and tender regard for Dr. Cheever, and said:

"That you may not, however, attribute our suggestion to the wrong cause, we assure you that *we all sympathize in your views of the freedom of the pulpit*, and the duty as well as the right of its ministers, *at proper times and occasions*, to discuss before them properly all questions affecting or involving moral truth."

If the "sympathy" here professed was real and not feigned, why did the signers of the letter take this particular time to prefer their modest request? They are all, save one, unknown to us, but our instinct is utterly at fault if to meanness they have not added a very transparent hypocrisy.

Dr. Cheever, instead of surrendering his pulpit at the beck of these servants of the Cottonocracy, read their letter to his congregation and called a special meeting of the Church to consider what should be done. The meeting having assembled, Dr. Cheever, in a manly address, explained and defended his position. After much discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, the opposers, knowing themselves to be in a minority, declining to vote:

Resolved, That our Pastor, Rev. Dr. Cheever, has our entire and undiminished confidence and affection, and we hereby express our desire and determination that he continue his present position as Pastor of this Church.

At a subsequent meeting various amendments to the by-laws were proposed, among them one *permitting female members to vote.* The mover of this was E. W. Chester, Esq., a distinguished lawyer. Who says the world does not move?

THE TRACT SOCIETY AND THE INDEPENDENT.

LONG experience of the power of slavery, of its intimate intertexture with all the departments of American society, and of the multifarious forces at its command, some one of which always starts up when a crisis actually comes, in time to turn the scale in its favour, has accustomed us to expect defeat to freedom in each particular battle or skirmish which brings the two hosts face to face, although we never feel a doubt as to the ultimate victory. Gibbon said that the Romans, though often vanquished in *battle*, were always victorious in *war*. We are assured of success in *this* war; and so firmly grounded has been our assurance, that we may safely appeal to all that part of the world which has taken the trouble to look at us, to declare whether we have ever despaired—ever faltered, or receded, or compromised—whether we have not always risen, like Antæus, strengthened by defeat, mighty in faith, and persistent in doing such work as our means and opportunities would allow.

Of the auxiliaries of slavery, the outer guards which must be overthrown or put to flight before the monster herself can be reached, the Church has, almost from the beginning of our contest, been the most virulent, subtle and treacherous. From her arsenal have been drawn the weapons, from her ranks the soldiers, and from her high places, the leaders, by whose help the cause of slavery, hopeless and despised else, has until now been maintained with successful audacity. A small minority within the Church itself *seem* to be fighting against slavery, and really make so much movement in that direction as not only to disquiet the triumphant majority, but even to excite hope and expectation in the minds of observers less experienced than ourselves, that the Church is coming out against slavery. A voluntary separation, by the Church, of the seemingly Siamese bond that connects it with slavery has been so often predicted without being realized, that we have ceased to expect it, or even to expect that any new demonstration of the minority above mentioned, will be other than temporary and futile, until some advance of "the world" forces the Church forward. Thus, when it was proclaimed with exultation, by *The Independent* and other papers, that a special Committee of investigation had been appointed by the American Tract Society a year ago, to examine and report upon the doings of its standing Executive and Publishing Committees in relation to slavery, we could feel no confidence whatever that this movement would cause the Society to recede from its pro-slavery position. We expected that the expressions of opinion and the recommendations of action which the Investigating Committee should put forth would be brought as near as they possibly could to *no* expression and *no* action. And so it has proved.

We have said that a minority in the Church *seem* to be fighting against slavery; and we use this expression on account of the obvious fact that those persons, although unquestionably they do hate slavery, yet love the Church so much *more* than they hate slavery—love the slaveholding church-members who believe in the same Trinity, the same Hell and Devil as they do, so much more than they love the slaves who are scourged, bought and sold by those very church-members—that their very movements against slavery, moderate, feeble and short-coming as they are, are made more to remove a burdensome stigma from the Church than to help the slave; and, so deeply are those men impregnated and saturated with the delusion that this very slaveholding Church is the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and the instrumentality through which every sort of good work can be best done, that as soon as the *reputation* of the Church is cleared, however much her *character* may remain as before, they will turn back to their prayer-meetings and leave the slave to take care of himself.

The Report of the Committee of Investigation, and the doings of the Tract Society thereupon, at their Annual Meeting in this city, are now before the public. Among the resolutions reported by the Committee, and unanimously accepted and adopted by the Society, we give the following, which bear more or less reference to slavery. The passages in *italics* are those which *The Independent* emphasizes in its paraphrase and commentary. SMALL CAPITALS mark the expressions to which WE wish particular attention.

Resolved, 1. That the American Tract Society was established for a definite purpose, namely, "to diffuse a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of sinners, and to promote the interests of VITAL GODLINESS AND SOUND MORALITY, by the circulation of religious tracts CALCULATED TO RECEIVE the approbation of all evangelical Christians."

2. That this Society cannot therefore with propriety allow itself to be made a *special* organ of any one system of religious or moral reform, such as temperance, peace, anti-popery, anti-slavery, etc.; while within its proper sphere, its influence should *sustain the cause of truth and righteousness in all their departments.*

3. That in endeavouring to accomplish its high and holy mission, the Society should deal evenhandedly, and bear impartial testimony against *all* fundamental doctrinal error and *practical immorality, prevailing in any and every part of our country.*

4. That in the judgment of your committee, the *political* aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and cannot be discussed in its publications; but that those *moral* DUTIES WHICH GROW OUT OF THE EXISTENCE OF SLAVERY, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is *known to promote*, and which are *condemned in Scripture*, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, *undoubtedly* do fall within the province of this Society, and *can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit.*

5. That whatever considerations in the past may have seemed to recommend to the Publishing Committee the course pursued in its revision of certain works, yet, IN THE FUTURE PUBLICATIONS OF BOOKS AND TRACTS, NO ALTERATION OR OMISSION OF THE SENTIMENTS OF ANY AUTHOR SHOULD BE MADE; but works not adapted to the design of the Society in their original form, or by a regular IMPARTIAL abridgment, should be wholly omitted.

8. That we cordially recognise the FIDELITY and devotedness with which the interests of the Society have been superintended and conducted by the officers and Executive Committee, five of the present members having been among its original founders.

9. That with great confidence in the WISDOM of the Executive Committee, we anticipate that their action, *in carrying out the principles contained in the previous resolutions*, will be such as will tend to promote the WIDEST AND BEST usefulness of the Society THROUGHOUT OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

THEO. FRELINGHUYSEN, THOMAS DE WITT, WILLIAM JESSUP, ALBERT BARNES, G. T. BEDELL, JOHN N. MCLEOD, JOEL HAWES, RAY PALMER, S. S. SCHMUCKER, JAMES DONALDSON, FRANCIS WAYLAND, MARK HOPKINS, JOHN STONE, GEO. H. STUART.

New York, May 12, 1857.

Before stating our view of the character and scope of these resolutions, we must record the highly significant fact that the body of men which adopted *them, unanimously*, chose Dr. South-Side Adams of Boston as one of the Publishing Committee (with a veto power upon every book or tract offered to the Society for publication) by a vote of 85 to 108. When we further find that three of the six persons voted for by the minority of 23 are as hunkerish as Dr. Adams himself, and that these got more votes than the other defeated ones (showing that many, even of the dissenters, wished less for a change of policy in the Publishing Committee than for the removal of a source of agitation), it very plainly appears that the great majority of the members of the Tract Society are quite satisfied with the course heretofore pursued by their officials, and voted for an investigating committee only through the teazing of the minority, who were equally urged into *their* position by the pressure of anti-slavery sentiment from without.

1. It seems to us that the Investigating Committee have done just one good thing, and no more, namely, to recommend the entire and immediate discontinuance of that stealthy and fraudulent system of mutilation by which, under the pretence of abridgment, all expressions of opposition to slavery were cut out from the Society's republications of books previously before the public. The thoroughness with which this iniquity had already been exposed to the public by anti-slavery people rendered it necessary for the Committee to speak against *that*, if they opened their mouths at all; yet they have *merely* recommended its discontinuance, without exposing its wickedness, in connivance with slavery, or its dishonesty towards the authors of the mutilated books, or its fraud upon the public in giving them works emasculated under the pretence of abridgment—in any other manner than by the necessary implication of the word IMPARTIAL at the close of the 5th resolution.

2. Having used that word IMPARTIAL, with its inevitable imputation of meanness and dishonesty to the Executive and Publishing Committees, and having recommended the immediate discontinuance of a settled feature of their policy, the Investigating Committee proceed to stultify themselves, and attempt to delude the public, by eulogizing, in two resolutions, first the *fidelity*, and then the *wisdom*, of those very officers.

3. The resolutions, as a whole, are framed with a crafty Jesuitry, suited, and no doubt designed (for the members of the Committee are not fools, in any *other* than the Scriptural sense), to serve two purposes of the Society. Giving an appearance (to the minority) of providing for the publication of tracts which shall practically bear against slavery, they really give the power to the Executive and Publishing Committee to refuse any particular tract offered, to which the most inveterate and determined slaveholder could take exception. If brother Joseph P. Thompson himself should write a tract, with all the reservations (to be hereafter mentioned) which he has declared necessary, if it contained the assertion, or the implication, of injustice, inflicted by any master, or suffered by any slave, brother South-Side Adams, standing on the resolutions, can hand back the tract and say, without intermitting one beam of the sweet solemnity of his ordinary aspect—"Dear brother, much as I might regret the necessity of rejecting a tract containing so many merits as yours, I am compelled to do so by the very terms of the resolutions. Your tract is not written 'in a *fraternal* spirit,' for it is adapted to grieve the righteous souls of dear Baptist brother Fuller, and dear Presbyterian brother Rice, and dear Methodist brother Soule, and dear Episcopal brother Andrews, and dear Congregational brother Blagden; moreover, it is not written 'in a *Christian* spirit,' for it indirectly implies that the very system which these beloved brethren, and thousands more like them, are trying to sustain and perpetuate, is unfriendly to Christianity, and thus adds to their burdens instead of helping to bear them; you will not deny that those excellent brethren are Christians, nor that men just like them form a majority of the ministers of Christ in our Southern Zion; it thence appears that your tract is not 'calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians,' nor suited 'to promote the WIDEST AND BEST usefulness of this Society THROUGHOUT OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.' Dear brother, my regard for the glory of God and the good of souls constrains me in this case to say—veto."

4. The Committee further attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public by setting up two men of straw (in the second and fourth resolutions), which they then gravely proceed to knock down; as if any one had ever proposed, or desired, that the Tract Society should make itself "a *special* organ of anti-slavery," or should discuss, in its tracts, "the *political* aspects of slavery."

5. By speaking of "THOSE MORAL DUTIES WHICH GROW OUT OF THE EXISTENCE OF SLAVERY," they plainly intimate their denial that slavery is a sin, and their consent that the practice of slaveholding may retain its present good standing in the Church as a proper and Christian practice. They might as well talk of the moral duties growing out of piracy. The very first duty of a slaveholder, as of a pirate, is to cease to be such.

Such is our understanding of the spirit, and intent, and tendency, and practical operation of the resolutions proposed by the Investigating Committee, and unanimously accepted by the Tract Society.

In regard to the practical operation of these resolutions upon the acceptance of new tracts offered to the Publishing Committee, the opinions of the *New York Observer* and the *Journal of Commerce* agree exactly with our own. The former says:

"We confess that we were greatly surprised by the report of the Committee, and not less so by the reception which it met with. It was adopted unanimously, and even with cheers. It is not for us to give the reasons why those who, only a year ago, were so earnestly attacking the Society for the course which they had pursued in regard to the subject of slavery should now unite in a vote expressive of 'great confidence in the wisdom of the Executive Committee,' leaving the subject to their discretion in the assurance that their action 'will be such as will tend to promote the widest and best usefulness of the Society throughout our whole country.'

"Since the late meeting we have been repeatedly inquired of as to our understanding of the nature of the report, and of the action of the Society. In our view, it places the whole matter precisely where it was before the appointment of this Committee of fifteen, and precisely where it ought to have been left from the first, in the hands of the men whose principles and course on this subject have been perfectly well known. We cordially unite in the expression of confidence in the wisdom of the officers and Executive Committee."

The *Journal of Commerce* says:

"On the question of slavery, the fourth resolution, is in our view, objectionable or not, according to the construction which may be put upon it. In the hands of the discreet and considerate men who now compose the Publishing Committee, no harm will be likely to result from it in practice, unless under pressure from without. * * We have entire confidence in the wisdom and moderation of the present Publishing Committee, and are of the opinion that they will meddle with slavery as little as they feel themselves permitted to do under the instructions embodied in the aforesaid resolution."

That is to say, they will not meddle with it *at all*, nor accept any tract that meddles with it—for the pressure from without will produce not the slightest influence upon *them*, until it obliges the Society to direct them to change the present plan of operations; while their employers are satisfied, they will not trouble themselves about the opinions of outsiders. Do the clerks of the Circumlocution Office care what the public says of them?

Now, we would not give a rush for the opinion of the *Observer* or the *Journal of Commerce* on any question of morals or religion; but about the policy of the Tract Society they are perfectly competent witnesses. They are not only its supporters, but they are fair representatives of the ideas and the wishes of three-quarters of all its supporters: Knowing what they themselves want, they know what the Tract Society wants. They have been quite satisfied with its course of operations in the past, and they not only wish, but expect, to have that course continue unchanged under this year's administration, inaugurated by the acceptance of the new resolutions, and the appointment of South-side Adams to the pastoral care of them.

But, however barren of good results this action may be in most respects, it affords the incidental advantage of giving an opportunity of enlightenment to those who have hitherto believed in a hearty and thorough opposition to slavery on the part of *The Independent*.

The following is what the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson has done and said in relation to this matter.

At the conclusion of the reading of the Report of the Investigating Committee, he moved its acceptance and adoption, saying,

"I am in no mood to criticise the phraseology of the Report or of the resolutions *in any particular*. No words of mine, sir, can add anything to the argument or statement of the Report. As an individual, I like it, both upon its negative and its positive side—for that which it affirms the Tract Society *cannot* do, and for that which it affirms that it *can* and *ought* to do."

In commenting upon the resolutions afterwards, in *The Independent*, he says that these resolutions embody "every principle" for which he has contended.

In a subsequent article, in reply to the *Journal of Commerce*, he states his judgment that the fourth resolution "excludes from the province of the Society all inquiry about the way in which slavery should be abolished by the sovereignties that have jurisdiction over it; all such questions as whether the abolition of slavery should be immediate or gradual, whether the expense should rest upon the masters or be borne by the community at large, and whether (as Mr. Elihu Burritt proposes) the public domain of the Union should be given to the slaveholding States as a compensation." He adds that those words of the resolution, of which he has thus interpreted the import, are "well chosen."

When dealing with a person professionally accustomed to use ambiguous language with the purpose of deceiving, it behooves us to pay careful attention to the scope and full significance of the words. This precaution is needful in considering the language of the above quotation, as well as in regard to the false statement afterwards made in the same article, that "generally, in the slaveholding States, the master has *no power* to emancipate."

To appreciate the full wickedness of this lie, it is necessary to remember that it is told for the purpose of excusing the Tract Society from enjoining the duty of immediate emancipation upon slaveholders—and that its author pretends to be at once a minister of the Gospel and editor of a paper opposed to slavery, and that in both these characters he should have published, as with the voice of a trumpet, instead of attempting to conceal, by the above assertion, the two following facts:

1. That every slaveholder, in every slave State, has as much power to emancipate his slaves, without asking anybody's consent, as Daniel had to pray, thrice daily, in his chamber, or as Peter and John had to preach in the name of Jesus, trampling under his feet, as they did, any unjust law that forbids him.

2. That any repentant slaveholder, who wishes not only to clear his own soul from guilt, but to shield his freedmen from the danger of being kidnapped by his former partners in tyranny, can accomplish both purposes by taking them to some free State, the very act of entrance into which will establish their freedom.

Dr. Thompson has run "with alacrity" in advance of the time-serving and Janus-faced resolutions of the Committee, and volunteered his absolution to the Tract Society for the neglect of one duty, at least, which their report does *not* exclude, the duty of enjoining immediate emancipation upon every slaveholder. What are "the sovereignties that have jurisdiction over slavery?" They not, primarily, the individual tyrants who now hold this power, and who can exercise it either with extreme rigour, or with indolent moderation,

THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, for the present year, was held at Longwood, Chester County, commencing on Sunday morning, the 17th, and closing on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. The crowd on Sunday was large beyond all former precedent. Less than one-fourth of the people, probably, were able to get within the walls of the meeting-house. It is known, from actual count, that more than six hundred vehicles were on the ground, not only filling the spacious yard, but lining the roads, on both sides, in every direction, far away from the house, presenting a scene at once striking and picturesque. A more orderly and well-behaved crowd we have never witnessed. Not the slightest symptom of rowdyism was exhibited. We doubt if there is another County in the whole United States where a crowd, gathered under similar circumstances, would be so universally polite, conciliatory and obliging. Thanks for this to the educational influence and social culture of good old-fashioned Quakerism, the spirit of which, we hope, the Progressive Friends will ever revere and cherish.

The public exercises were free alike from the hereditary stiffness of Quakerism and the prescribed formalities of other sects. There was prayer, singing, reading of the Scriptures, and public speaking, but the whole was spontaneous and free, according as the spirit gave utterance, not prearranged and formal, as is usually the case in large religious assemblies. The Society, having no creed except the duty of showing love to God by works of beneficence to man, invited to its platform persons of every shade of theological opinion, from the extremest orthodoxy to the very verge of nothingarianism and skepticism. Upon this free platform there was no sectarian jangling, no wordy war of belief or speculation, but one spirit of love to God and devotion to Humanity. There were, however, differences of opinion, which elicited earnest discussion; but from first to last not an unkind word was uttered. Among those who took an active part in the proceedings were WM. LLOYD GARRISON, LUCRETIA MOTT, WM. H. HOISINGTON (a blind man, formerly a Presbyterian clergyman, from Ohio), ROWLAND JOHNSON, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, WILLIAM and EUSEBIUS BARNARD, THOMAS WHITSON, JOHN G. JACKSON, and others, including some noble women, who, though they spoke little, rendered efficient service in other ways. On Sunday afternoon, in consequence of the great crowd, there was speaking not only in the meeting-house, but in the open air.

Letters were received from Joshua R. Giddings, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. T. J. Mumford, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. D. A. Wasson, Rev. Moncure D. Conway, and others; also from other Yearly Meetings with which this is in correspondence. The subjects which came before the meeting were Education, Spiritualism, Slavery, War, Capital Punishment, Temperance, Tobacco, the Rights of Woman, and the means best adapted to diffuse a knowledge of the Society's Testimonies. In regard to the first of these topics a report was adopted favouring the establishment of a new and progressive literary institution at or near Longwood. Spiritualism, as such, was neither approved nor condemned, but commended to the earnest examination and scrutiny of all. Upon the other subjects above named the Meeting uttered itself in strong and unequivocal terms. We gladly place upon record its solemn

TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

WE renewedly record our protest against the awful system of chattel slavery in our land—a system which is but the synonym for unrestrained licentiousness, unparalleled cruelty, brutal degradation, wholesale robbery, and every other conceivable crime and sin; which is fitly symbolized by the lash, the fetter, the thumb-screw, the bowie-knife, the bloodhound; which requires for its support the denial of all the principles of justice and humanity, the destruction of all human rights, the overthrow of all the safeguards of society, the violation of all the commandments of God; which cannot tolerate dissent, nor bear examination, nor endure the light, nor permit freedom of speech or of the press; which inflames every passion, disorders every intellect, corrupts every heart, brought under its influence; which, like a volcano, contains within itself the elements of ruin, and is continually discharging its fiery lava in every direction, defacing all that is fair and beautiful, and spreading destruction in its track; which admits of no defence, no palliation, no modification; and which, therefore, should be immediately and forever abolished.

In view of its growth and character, its alarming strides and astounding developments, its impiety toward God and inhumanity to man, we feel constrained to affirm, that whatever religious body is found in communion and fellowship with slaveholders, or which recognises the compatibility of slaveholding with sound morality and true piety, or which regards with aversion or indifference the struggle now going on in the land for the utter extinction of slavery, forfeits all claim to respect and confidence, and especially to Christian character, in the primitive meaning of the term Christianity.

The history of our country shows that slavery has attained to its present colossal dimensions through the spirit of compromise in Church and State. In an evil hour, in order to effect a common union, a vital stab was given to liberty in the formation of the American Constitution, wherein provision was made for a slave oligarchy in Congress, for the prosecution of the foreign slave trade for twenty years, for the pursuit and recovery of the fugitive slave in any part of the land, and for the suppression of domestic insurrection; thus involving the whole nation in the awful criminality of the slave system, making the government its bulwark and defence, and giving to it stability, character, boundless resources, and absolute supremacy.

The natural retribution has followed this spirit of compromise, in flooding the land with political profligacy and religious hypocrisy—in the bold denial of the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Golden Rule—in the multiplication of six into fifteen slaveholding States, of half a million into four millions of slaves—in the perfidious repeal of the Missouri Compromise, for the purpose of wresting from freedom a vast territorial empire—in the bloody invasion and conquest of Kansas by armed bandits from the South, countenanced by the Government of the United States—in the recent decision of the Supreme Court, declaring that coloured people have no rights that white men are bound to respect, virtually legalizing the holding of slaves in every part of the land, and removing all the ancient landmarks—in the murderous assault upon CHARLES SUMNER upon the floor of the American Senate, the numerous lynchings of Northern citizens at the South, suspected of the crime of being hostile to the slave institution, the outlawry of every uncompromising friend of freedom in all the slave dominions—in the wicked invasion, conquest, and annexation of a large portion of Mexico, solely to extend and perpetuate slavery—in fillibustering excursions in Central America, and restless plottings to secure the acquisition of Cuba—and in the general loss of all manhood, self-respect, courage, independence, and reverence for "the higher law of God," on the part of the people of the North.

Henceforth the duty of the North is plain. It is at once to repent of its iniquity, and to withdraw from its present alliance with the South—an alliance maintained at a fearful cost of treasure, of character, of civil and religious liberty, of all that is worth living and dying for. It is to proclaim the American Union a wild and guilty experiment, made up of eternally antagonistic elements, gendering discord and woe, pandering to all the demands and necessities of the Slave Power, and sure, if not abolished, to bring destruction upon the whole land.

To this end, we earnestly submit to the understanding and conscience of every professed friend of impartial liberty, whether he can consistently help to sustain a government so organized, a Constitution marked by such compromises, a Union so directly at war with Justice, Humanity and Right; and whether it is not his duty to stand in his lot, apart from such "a covenant with death," disfranchised alike for conscience and the slave's sake, calmly relying upon the Divine arm for strength and guidance, and actively endeavouring to persuade the whole body of the people to take the same sublime position as a measure of self-preservation and deliverance from blood-guiltiness, and thus to give a death-blow to that "sum of all villanies," American slavery.

Adopted by the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Fifth month 19, 1857.

OLIVER JOHNSON,
JOSEPH A DUGDALE,
HENRIETTA W. JOHNSON,
} Clerks.

The presence and faithful labours of WM. LLOYD GARRISON added greatly to the interest of the occasion and were a source of general pleasure and congratulation. The attentive reader will not fail to discover in the above Testimony against slavery the traces of his clear vision and able pen.

The Proceedings of the Meeting, we understand, are already in press and will soon make their appearance in pamphlet form.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THOSE friends of freedom and devoted labourers in its cause, AARON M. POWELL, PARKER PILLSBURY and SUSAN B. ANTHONY, having once invaded the conservative soil of Dutchess and left a wholesome agitation behind them as the fruits of their labour, have again unfurled the flag of emancipation, and beneath its folds have struck another blow at conservatism and pro-slavery propagandism. Washington Hollow is a small settlement, occupying a somewhat central position in the County. Though small, it is the place where many of the most important Conventions and County meetings are held. Two hotels, two stores and a few farmhouses mark the usual business features of the place, but its position renders it a desirable spot for those who wish to engage the interests of all, the farming class as well as others. It is there that the County Agricultural Society has erected its Hall and enclosed its grounds, consecrated to the encouragement of labour. In this place the faithful Agents of the anti-slavery movement concluded to besiege the enemy, and their meeting was held in the Floral Hall, a structure dedicated to the use of the labouring classes, for the exhibition of their skill and progress. A fitting spot, in a Hall devoted to the interest and improvement of *free* labour, to show the felony of *slave* labour, and the complicity of this Government in the crime and guilt of slaveholding. After due notice, on May 16th and 17th, a Convention was held there, and able, eloquent addresses delivered by the above named speakers. Three sessions were held; those on the afternoon of the 16th and forenoon of the 17th were not *very* largely attended, but at the last session a large audience was in attendance, composed of a specially intelligent portion of the people, showing who it is that takes an interest in the movement. Democrats and Republicans were there, notwithstanding the mean attempt of the organ of the former to prevent all its followers from hearing the truth. The speakers sustained the reputation they won at Poughkeepsie, and nobly vindicated the cause of the slave. The morning of the 16th was stormy, and no meeting was held. In the afternoon the Convention was organized by appointing S. HAIGHT, Chairman; I. SWIFT, D. TWEEDY and A. MERRIT, Vice-Presidents; E. L. DRAKE, and A. LYONS, Secretaries.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of Rochester, addressed the Convention, speaking of the slim attendance, and remarking that if our own children were slaves the cry of every parent's heart, in seed time or in harvest, would be, "to the rescue," "to the rescue." She urged upon all the necessity of *action*, and closed by saying the platform was free for all to speak, for or against the cause.

PARKER PILLSBURY said he did not doubt that if a slave were to be before them, showing them the horrible sufferings of his doomed race, there would be a response of humanity from every heart. The great difficulty is that people are anti-slavery from *sympathy* and not from principle, and such sentiments are not likely to be worth much. They did not do right because it was right; and it was and is so with the Churches, their religion and worldly thoughts are so nearly combined, one cannot tell where either begins or ends. Too few of us act from a principle of right regardless of the consequences. We believe it wrong to send slavery into Kansas, and it is equally wrong to uphold it where it is. No one who acted from a principle of right, would vote for either of the political parties. He believed in doing as you would be done by, and no man would be willing to be voted into perpetual slavery. The position of the North to the South was expressed in one word, "submission."

THOMAS DRAKE asked if he understood Mr. Pillsbury to say no men acted from principle? *He* thought that we generally acted from our convictions of duty. Right and wrong were abstract terms, with most a matter of opinion. We could only judge by the result of the action; if productive of good we called it right. He thought there were even politicians who meant to do right.

AARON M. POWELL said the want of right for its own sake was the key note of the difficulty. It had placed slavery where it now is. It was not a want of intelligence, but want of respect for the rights of others. He had been called infidel, traitor, &c., but gloried in being a traitor and infidel to a slaveholding Government and Church. Loyalty to man was our first duty.

H. A. GUILD (Republican) thought the slim attendance was owing to the "bill of fare." He did not believe in making such wholesale denunciations; thought men did not lack radicalism or correct principle—that principle only needed intensifying. He thought there was more sympathy for the slave now than there had ever been before. Advocated Republicanism, and *attempted* to vindicate the Baptist Church as anti-slavery. If the Union could be sustained only by the extension of slavery, he would not help sustain it.

PARKER PILLSBURY reviewed the speech of Senator Wilson. He said if the Baptists were in fellowship with a Church that communed with slaveholders, the less said about their anti-slavery sentiments the better.

AARON M. POWELL explained loyalty to man as loyalty to God, and, after a few more remarks from both sides, the meeting adjourned till 10 a. m. of the 17th.

Morning Session, 17th.—SUSAN B. ANTHONY spoke briefly, but pointedly. She said this phase of anti-slavery was called a "No Government party," but it was a mistake. She explained that its only opposition to the American Government was on the ground that the Government supported slavery. She referred to the history of the Government as proving that slavery had long been its ruling element, that its supremacy was from certain immunities derived from the Union through the Constitution, and that the only means of breaking its sway was by breaking up the Union. The various privileges we are accustomed to regard as proceeding from the Union she regarded as existing in spite of it, and not by virtue of its Constitution.

Mr. PILLSBURY followed in an admirable speech. He regarded the present limited monarchy of Great Britain as a far better government than ours, for it does what it professes to do, and ours professes a great deal and does but little. He exposed the fallacy of our nation's rule, as at war with humanity and God, and said that the Union had been gliding down the scale of morality for at least twenty-five years, and thought it might as well be broken up before it sunk any lower in its iniquity.

S. B. ANTHONY offered the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD for subscribers, and Mr. POWELL explained that it was the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Adjourned till afternoon.

Afternoon Session.—A. M. POWELL delivered a most powerfully logical and convincing speech, as broad in its scope of argument as it was conclusive in its reasoning. He characterized the Anti-Slavery movement as one especially worthy the name of Religious, and yet Churches were almost universally refused them to speak in. Why? Because the Churches were in fellowship with slavery. He proved slavery to be a system of wholesale murder and robbery—a system of licentiousness on a giant scale, approved and upheld by the Government—and that all who voted for the Union were voting for such a system of licentiousness. He said Abolitionists had once been told they were amalgamationists, but now we could see the Union fostering a system of amalgamation on a most gigantic scale. He was not an Abolitionist because the slaves suffered, but because slavery was wrong in principle, because it recognised property in man. The criminal position of our Government was ably shown. If the South in "going off," would lose her slaves (as she should) he held it was a criminal act to remain longer in Union with her. He declared himself willing to go over Constitutions and Unions, and through Churches to reach the slave. His speech was a thorough vindication of the Disunion sentiment, and was well received.

Mr. PILLSBURY spoke at length, saying the great difficulty was, we were compromising, and compromises were likely to sustain the evil. He criticised the Republican party, showing that while its greatest man, Seward, said in his speeches, "No Compromise," he was fostering the great overshadowing compromise of the Union—that the party proclaim "No Compromise," and pray for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise as the dawning of the country's hope—that the North was the body guard of the slaveholder, and the Union his greatest prop. Such a Union as this, and such a party as the Republican he thought ought not to exist—and that they were unworthy the support of any one opposed to slavery. He referred to the charge of cowardice in leaving the slave, but thought it more cowardly to point bayonets at him to prevent his rising, and was in favour of removing them by dissolving the Union. He closed his speech with a most beautiful and eloquent appeal to his hearers to come and aid Abolitionists in their mission against slavery.

If the Abolitionists were well pleased with their *first* Convention in the County, they have double reason to rejoice at the result of this one. The speakers were attentively listened to, *no hissing was heard*, which is at least quite an improvement, and the audience was composed of the most respectable part of society. Surely there is hope for old Dutchess yet. They have done a good work there, may they visit it again.

A GARRISONIAN.

Another correspondent writes as follows:

"The towns of Stanford, Clinton, Amenia, Pleasant Valley, Poughkeepsie, Washington (and perhaps others), were represented. Several friends were present from Milton (Ulster County). We had with us also Lydia Mott, of Albany. The doctrine of 'No Union with slaveholders' was earnestly advocated by Messrs. Pillsbury and Powell, and Miss Anthony.

"On Saturday, Mr. Guild, Editor of the *Poughkeepsie Examiner*, spoke in defence of the Republican party, and of the Baptist Church, of which he is a member.

"The Convention was successful in awakening a lively interest, and exceeded the anticipations of the friends by whom it was called.

"On Sunday evening Miss Anthony, Mr. Pillsbury and A. M. Powell addressed the pupils and teachers of the *Nine Partners Friends' Boarding School*, by invitation of the Superintendent, ENOCH DORLAND. All were apparently much gratified with the meeting. I believe it was the first time in the history of that venerable Institution, which was established in 1794, by the Society of Friends, that persons, not in fellowship with that religious denomination, had ever been invited to address its pupils.

"It is evidence of progress in the right direction, and of the growth of Liberal Christianity."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent commendeth the Senate of Massachusetts—And why—Who had leave to withdraw and who to stay—He also praiseth the House—And magnifieth Memory—Of Gubernatorial speculations—He rebuketh the Infidels—He giveth his own opinions—He comforteth the Editors—He telleth of what is said—Of the former owners of the State—He is culinary and curious in sauces and their application—Of the Grant to Kansas—Of the new Fourth Estate—He discommendeth Judge-law—He describeth the Musical Festival—Also alludeth to the Baptist Anniversaries—Prognosticateth touching the New England Convention and concludeth, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, May 25, 1857.

I BELIEVE I told you in my last letter that the Upper House of our Great and General Court had passed the Address for the Removal of Judge Loring from his office, by a vote of 25 to 12. This took us all by surprise, as we had made up our minds that the Report of the Committee having the matter in charge, and which was adverse to the measure, represented the state of feeling in the Legislature. But it seems we were mistaken. The petitioners, instead of having leave to withdraw, were most politely urged to remain where they were, and it was the Judge who was favoured with the hint that his company might be dispensed with. As the Senate had all along been regarded as fit to rank with what Bonaparte christened his Conservative one, we were entirely unprepared for this action on its part and all the more ready to give it credit for the same. And as things had so *fadged* as to put the measure through the hardest part of the ordeal, we entertained rational hopes that the House might not be slack in running the same gauntlet of Hunker opposition. Well, it has turned out as the petitioners had hoped, and the House passed the Address last Wednesday by a vote of 210 to 69. This was even better than had been hoped and showed that a good memory is one of the mental qualities which characterize the inhabitants of the Bay State.

The question now is whether his Excellency will do the little thing asked of him. His unfriends say that the fact that he pledged himself to do it, two years ago, if presented to him in precisely this shape, is a strong presumption that he will *not*, at this time. I do not understand what infidels in public virtue mean by carpings and cavillings of this description; I merely state what they say. I incline to think that he will comply with the prayer for several reasons. One is that it is understood that he proposes going before the people for the representation of his District, now filled by Mr. Damrell, whose ill health will probably oblige him to resign, in which case it will be as well to have as many anti-slavery works of supererogation as he conveniently can. Another is that this decapitation of Mr. Loring will provide him with a comfortable berth into which to help some faithful and well-tried friend before he gives up the command of the ship. Ill-natured people, indeed, affirm that there is no Know-Nothing competent to the place. But this is clearly mere spite and malice, as it is well-known that there was never an office yet that failed to find an occupant. Nature doth not abhor a *vacuum* more than a free and enlightened citizen doth a vacancy in a fat place. So I don't think you need feel under any concern of mind that, should you happen to shuffle off your mortal coil in this jurisdiction, there will be any lack of a magistrate to take care of it for the benefit of your heirs, administrators, executors, assigns or creditors, as the case may be.

There be that say that the influence of Gov. Gardner has been used to promote this result, and for this reason. When he interfered, two years ago, and saved the official life of this offender from the gallows the two Houses had erected for him, it was on the ground that he had violated no law of the State, and he suggested just such a statute as the one under which this Address is framed, to meet a future emergency. It is said that his Excellency was given to understand, more or less authoritatively, that Judge Loring would yield so far to the public sentiment of the State, should such a law pass, as to resign his Commissionership. But the Curtis and Loring families (which are one and the same thing) had so long owned the State in fee-simple, that it did not seem possible that malice domestic, or foreign levy could touch one of them any further. And so he held on to both his offices, stepping from the Probate Court room to his chambers as Commissioner with entire complacency and trampling on a law of the land every time he did it. Considering how stringent a stickler he was two years ago for the exact execution of law (odd as was his conception and expounding of it), it seemed as if there could be no harm in seeing whether the sauce that was good for the poor black goose, Burns, would not do also for the white gander, Loring. This is the little culinary experiment at which Gov. Gardner has been invited to assist as *chef de cuisine*, and hence the natural curiosity to know whether he will cook Judge Loring's goose for him, or not. But whether or not, the two Houses have kindled a good rousing fire, the heat of which must be felt by all parties concerned, and which may yet burn the fingers that should try to put it out or to turn it to uses foreign to that for which it was lighted.

I believe I told you, too, in my ultimate, of the proposed grant of $100,000 as an Aid to Kansas. This has also been very nice cooking, indeed. A good many prudent legislators did not relish the idea of parting with so round a sum of money and to be called rebels and traitors and other hard names for their pains; and yet, on the other hand, they had a fearful looking for of judgment from their constituents if the measure failed through their *laches*. So the spell of the game consisted in making believe to be very earnest for it and yet so hampering it with amendments as to secure its falling to the ground between the two Houses and nobody at all to blame. Of course, I speak only of the Halting-both-ways party, which generally holds the balance of power in every legislative assembly. There was a solid body of men seriously desirous of giving this testimony, rather for its moral than its pecuniary value. But it was finally put through, everything being conceded by the friends of the Grant, with but one material exception. The Senate had passed the Bill with the *proviso* that it should not become a law unless the Supreme Court first decided that it was Constitutional! This amendment, I am happy to say, the House negatived by a most decided vote. As if we have not Judge-made law enough now, without erecting the Bench into a Fourth Estate of the Realm, to have a Veto on legislation! It were much better that the measure should fail than that such a precedent should be set up. I am a little curious to know how the rats will run now this hole has been stopped up by which they had counted on making their escape.

The Musical Festival held here last week by the Handel and Haydn Society was a remarkable feature in our Musical history. It was in session for three days, having a Concert and an Oratorio every day. The weather was as vicious as it could be, the two first days—especially the first, which must have materially affected its pecuniary results. The prices, too, were doubled, and this must have had the effect of diminishing the numbers, if not the receipts. Still, the sum (one dollar for each entertainment, or five for the season) was by no means unreasonable when we consider the quality of the music and the great expenses of the Festival. I trust the loss was not sufficient to deter the Society from renewing the attempt another year, when, I think, they will be sure of a brilliant success. The scene in the Music Hall, on the last evening, was very fine. That night every seat was filled and as many standers-up occupied every nook of the hall as could find a footing. The choruses consisted of six hundred men and women, and the orchestra was over seventy strong. The Oratorio was the Messiah, and I imagine that that fine music was never so finely given in this country as it was that night. During the Hallelujah Chorus the vast assembly rose and remained standing while it was given, and the effect was singularly fine and impressive. There were some declamatiors in the newspapers against employing the hours preceding the Sabbath in this manner; but one would be puzzled to imagine what fitter preparation could have been devised for any really Christian word. Should the Festival grow into an institution, it would be well worth the while of any one of musical propensities to make the occasion of a visit to Boston.

The Baptist Anniversaries of some kind have been in session here during the past week. I am told that there were some very pretty quarrels on foot at some of the sessions. But as they were only about missionaries and not about slaves, of course I did not take any particular interest in them; only I observed that they kissed and were friends before they bid each other goodbye. This is the beginning of our Holy Week, as you know well enough, and it promises to be a fine one from present appearances. The New England Convention will be, I will venture to predict, the chief attraction of the se'nnight. At least, it will be an exceptional case if it be not. A little earnestness is a refreshment to the dwellers in this wilderness of shams, even if it be carried to a terrible degree. I am happy to see that the Convention this year is going to begin at the end, as we do at New York. I mean that it is to open with a meeting for set speeches, by orators prearranged for the occasion, so that people may be sure of getting something worth coming for at the outset. We have usually lost the first session from the impression that nothing of any particular interest would occur until the Meeting had warmed up after getting well under way. It is my belief that the new plan will work well. At any rate, it cannot work worse than the old one of leaving those precious hours at loose ends. After it is once well launched, there is no difficulty about its running its course gloriously with wind and tide in its favour, or, better yet, if both happen to be against it. But it is a little apt to stick on the ways at first, and this device has been hit on to give it a shove at the hardest place.

D. T.

DISCUSSION.—A discussion between Charles L. Remond and Frederick Douglass—the former maintaining that the United States Constitution is, in some of its features, pro-slavery, and the latter affirming it to be without taint of despotism—took place on two successive evenings last week, in this city, in the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, in Prince street. We were not present ourselves, but we have been assured by persons who witnessed the contest that Mr. Remond very successfully vindicated the doctrine held on this subject by the American Anti-Slavery Society. He entered upon the discussion under great disadvantages, the larger portion of his audience having, under the influence of unscrupulous leaders, imbibed very strong prejudices against that Society, and being predisposed to applaud his antagonist. So convincing were his arguments and so potent his eloquence, that prejudice is said in many instances to have given way to conviction; insomuch that it is confidently asserted, that if a vote had been taken at the close, nearly if not quite half of the hearers would, in all probability, have declared in his favour.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—We have received from D. Appleton & Co., a "Report of the Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott *versus* John F. A. Sandford. By Benj. C. Howard, Counsellor at Law and Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States." This is a document of 200 pages, and is of such importance that it should be widely distributed. The price is only 50 cents. Judge Taney's opinion, of which only a very brief and of course imperfect abstract was given to the public, occupies 63 pages; Judge Nelson's 12; Judge Grier's less than half a page; Judge Daniel's 24 pages; Judge Campbell's 26; Judge Catron's 11; Judge Mc Lean's 35; Judge Curtis's 68.

THE *South* newspaper, in an article highly eulogistic of Mr. Buchanan, uses this significant language: "We have no fear that he will betray the spirit or the policy of the Ostend report. *His Administration will give us Cuba.*" Such, undoubtedly, is the general expectation of the slaveholders, who are the masters of Mr. Buchanan not less than of the black vassals on their plantations.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 679, contains several papers of much value, among them Macaulay's sketch of Goldsmith, from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and a review of Boswell's Letters and Life from the *Edinburgh*. 343 B'way.

ANDREW P. BUTLER, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, a uncle to the late Preston S. Brooks, died on Monday evening last, of dropsy.

Summary.

PEACHES IN NEW JERSEY.—We have seen some evidence ourselves, and have heard a good deal, of the prospect of a good crop of peaches this year in New Jersey.—*Tribune.*

WEALTHY COLOURED PEOPLE.—The New Orleans (La.) *Crescent* says that the free coloured population of that city are possessed of property to the amount of $4,000,000.

OHIO.—Professor Munroe calculates that there are 30,000 coloured people in Ohio, and that they own $6,000,000 worth of property, on which they pay annually $60,000 tax.

CAN IT BE TRUE?—The New York *Evening Post* says there are at least two thousand gambling houses in this city, and probably a hundred faro banks.

OPIUM SMOKING IN LONDON.—It is true, as some authors affirm, that the habit of smoking opium has invaded the capital of England. In 1830 there were 103,711 pounds of opium received in London; and in 1852, 250,790 pounds.

A jolly doctor, of this city, told us the other day, that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.—*Utica Telegraph.*

A HARD HIT.—The Rev. Dr. Howard, at the anniversary dinner of the Chicago "Boston Union," gave the following toast—"Daniel Dana, D.D., *the only surviving representative* of the old type of Massachusetts clergymen: *a patriot, a scholar, a Christian.*"

A GOOD OFFICER.—Wm. H. Johnson, who formerly taught school in this County, has been elected Superintendent of Common Schools in Bucks County, at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum. He is a hard student, an industrious man, and will make a faithful and efficient officer.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Republican.*

The Mormons have lost one of their great lights, one J. M. Grant, and the announcement of his death closes in the most approved obituary style: "He has gone now, leaving seven disconsolate widows, and several children, four of whom are under eight weeks of age, to mourn their irreparable loss."

WARNING TO TOBACCO CONSUMERS.—A correspondent, writing from Kentucky, informs us that "the hog pestilence has been traced to some droves that passed through a tobacco-growing district on their way East." He also remarks "that tobacconists are using prussic acid to give an almond flavour to the leaf, and, in consequence of this poison, a number of smokers have lost the use of their lower limbs."—*Eve. Post.*

A COLOURED MAN ELECTED TO OFFICE.—Thomas Howland, a coloured stevedore, has been elected Warden in the third ward of Providence, R. I. The result, it appears, was brought about through a joke, but it turned out to be a reality, and a few days ago, Howland demanded to be sworn into office. His election, upon examination, was found to be legal, and he was thereupon sworn, and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

HIGH PRICE FOR SLAVES.—Slave property is now very high, and rapidly increasing in value. This is an evidence that the supply is wholly inadequate to the demand. At the present rate of increase, slave labour will soon be far the most expensive that can be obtained. A slave State paper says that "at a recent sale of slaves in Fayette, Mo., a man twenty-four years of age brought $1,550, and a woman, with three children, $2,350."

THE FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION.—Nothing yet has appeared of Samuel Adams worthy of his exalted merits. He was the great representative revolutionary man of New England, whose soul was on fire, not for self, but for the cause; and full ten years before this 1776 oration, he was the earnest and untiring advocate of Independence. "All good men," wrote his compatriot, George Clymer of Pennsylvania, in 1773, "should raise a statue to him in their hearts." So early did his fame spread!—*Boston Post.*

A correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer*, writing from Vienna, says, that while visiting Jenny Lind in Dresden, he found her in the full enjoyment of domestic life. She has a fine boy three and a half years old. Her voice is as excellent as ever, and I am glad, says the correspondent, to be able to say that we have at least a chance of hearing her again in the United States, for she will probably settle down permanently either in England or in the United States within six months.

STUYVESANT PEAR TREE.—Last year we thought that the venerable Stuyvesant pear tree, now upwards of two centuries old, in 3d Avenue, corner of East 13th street, New York, would probably outlive most of the present generation who reside in its vicinity. But the last winter has left its marks upon its limbs as well as on those of other old people of our acquaintance. Paralysis has seized on several of its branches, and though in full bloom, that is all that remains of it; its head is spoiled of many of its recent gay and rich adornments.—*Newark Advertiser.*

PREFER SLAVERY.—About three years ago, Miss Anne W. Taliaferro, of King William County, Va., emancipated 40 negroes, giving each $150. They were placed in a Quaker settlement in Ohio, by F. W. Scott, executor of the estate. A few weeks since, Mr. Scott had occasion to visit them on business, and found them in a wretched condition, almost starving. One of the children had been stolen, and several had died for want of attention and the necessaries of life. They begged Mr. Scott to allow them to return with him to Virginia and go into slavery.—*Southern paper.*

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR IN NEW ENGLAND.—It was recorded in the Legislative proceedings a few days since, that Mr. Joseph Hurd, of Malden, recently deceased, had left a will in which he gives the sum of $5,000 to the Commonwealth, the income to be expended for prizes to promote and encourage the manufacture and refining of sugar in this State. A similar amount was left to the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Mr. Hurd leaves an estate variously estimated at from $40,000 to $70,000. It is the intention of his heirs to contest the will on the ground of incompetency.

A PRESENT FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—A chair of a novel construction was presented to President Buchanan a few days since. It is made entirely from the horns of two buck deer, shot in Humboldt Bay, Humboldt County, California, 220 miles above San Francisco. The deer from which the horns were cut, were the size of middle-sized ponies. The box in which it is inclosed is itself a curiosity, the sides being one single piece of about five feet square each, from the enormous red-wood tree of California. It is in charge of the donor, who is a genuine hunter, and who shot the deer himself. He is about six feet high, face covered with hair, and wears buckskin hunting coat, &c.; no thread.

AN EX-SENATOR IN A CHAIN GANG.—Barker Burnell, formerly of Nantucket, and at one time State Senator from Nantucket County, is now said to be in a chain gang at Valparaiso, he having been convicted and sentenced for robbing the mail. He appears daily in the streets of that city, with a ball attached to his leg, working with his fellow-convicts. He was for several years Cashier of the Manufacturers and Mechanics Bank, at Nantucket, and was indicted for embezzling the funds of that institution to a large amount. He was acquitted by the jury for some informality in the proceedings.

We learn from the Pontotoc (Miss.) *Examiner*, that a negro named Prince, belonging to R. B. Scott, of that County, was killed last Monday week, under the following circumstances: Mr. Scott undertook to chastise another negro of his, named Jack; Jack offered some resistance—his master ordered Prince to aid in tying Jack, and while endeavouring to execute the order of his master, Prince was stabbed in the breast by Jack with a pocket-knife, from which wound he died in about 20 or 30 minutes. Jack at first escaped and run off, but came back on Wednesday following and gave himself up. He was taken by his master immediately before a magistrate and committed to jail to await a legal trial.

SOUTHWARD "THE STAR OF FREEDOM TAKES ITS WAY."—A gentleman of Indiana, a native of Kentucky, writes: "From information lately received from my brother, I learn that Northern Texas has few slaves, and the mass of inhabitants will favour a Free State Constitution, when division occurs, as occur it must before long. If I can do anything towards blotting out the curse from one of the fairest portions of our country, constitutionally, I am ready for the work, and think no other field so favourable as Northern Texas. Let Eastern emigration pour into Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Northern Texas."—*National Era.*

KIDNAPPERS CONVICTED.—Two white men (?) in Harrisburg, a short time since, inveigled a negro man into getting out with them a little distance from the city, to assist them, or to do some work for them, when they laid violent hands upon him, and attempted to run him off into Maryland and sell him into slavery. The coloured man fought well and escaped from their cruel hands. We learn from the *Patriot and Union*, that in the Court of Quarter Sessions at Harrisburg on Saturday last, the two would-be-kidnappers, John Saunders and Thomas Nathan, indicted for assault, battery and riot, with intent to kidnap, were found guilty. They will probably be sentenced at the end of the term.

Several years ago a family of free negroes named Beames, living among the Choctaw and Creek Indians, were kidnapped and sold into slavery in Arkansas. Col. Cooper, government agent for the Indians, took an interest in their behalf, quite extraordinary in an agent of the General Government, and instituted suits for their freedom. After many annoying reverses and changes from court to court, he has at length secured decisions in their favour, and they have all been restored to freedom. See now if Col. Cooper is not quietly superseded, at the suggestion of the fire-eating Democrats of Arkansas, for presuming to assume that negroes' rights are to be respected.

The celebration in Virginia, last week, on the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, calls vividly to mind the wide difference between that settlement, so auspiciously commenced, and the one which our own Pilgrim fathers feebly but faithfully began at Plymouth. All that now remains of Jamestown is a portion of the tower and walls of the old church, and a brick magazine now used as a barn; the place where the city stood is now a field of wheat; and the island itself is almost entirely depopulated. What a change from 1676, when, history informs us, "busy forwarding houses, with their dark counting rooms, their sallow clerks and their bills of lading" were all there!

One of the most diabolical deeds that we have ever known to be perpetrated in our city, occurred last evening at Washington hotel. A man by the name of Thos. Grayson, called the negro boy Harrison, belonging to Mr. Lewis Lewis, to him, and ordered him to take off his hat, which being done promptly, he then made him take off his coat, and not being satisfied with this compliance of his authority, wished him to go still further and strip himself; to this the boy respectfully objected, when he immediately drew a pistol and shot him in the neck, inflicting a dangerous and, it is feared, a mortal wound.—*Vicksburg Times, 9th ult.*

NEGRO TESTIMONY IN A SLAVE STATE.—The correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Belair, Maryland, under date of May 22d, thus records a decision of Judge Price, of the Maryland Supreme Court:

"In the case of The State *against* The negro Presbury, indicted for assaulting Mr. Stump Smith, a white man, who was examined as a prosecuting witness, the Court decided that the Act of 1846, Chap. 27, did not prevent the admission of negro testimony on behalf of the defendant, as said act was not applicable to criminal prosecutions against negroes, being intended merely to exclude negro testimony in civil proceedings where either of the parties is a white person, and to criminal cases where the defendant is a white person. Negro testimony was solicited in the case, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty."

BULLS VS. HORSES.—Elliot's History of New England says that horses were once scarce in New England.

"It was a country for cattle rather than horses, and it seems to have been a not uncommon thing to ride on bulls. When John Alden went to Cape Cod to marry Priscilla Mullins, he covered his bull with broadcloth, and rode on his back; when he returned he placed his wife there, and led the bull home by the ring in his nose. It is told that Alden at first went to ask the hand of Priscilla for his friend Miles Standish. The father referring him to the daughter, who listened with attention: but, fixing her eyes on Alden's handsome face, she said, 'Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?' The consequence was, that some time after, Priscilla rode home upon John's bull."

A fashionable lady at a watering place had a favourite lap dog which she called Perchance. "A singular name for a favourite pet, Madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance, my dog, will howl!'"—*Bath Tribune.*

This reminds us of the still more extraordinary name given to her dog by a lady in the far West. "Moreover, moreover!" said she. "Why, Madam," said a traveller who happened to be at her cabin, "Where did you get such a remarkable name?" "The name's a Scripture name," replied the good dame. "Will you please to tell me where you find it?" inquired the traveller. "Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—*Moreover, the dog*—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—*Boston Courier.*

MORE FILLIBUSTERING.—A Washington letter-writer says:

"Private advices were received here from California by the last steamer stating that the clipper-ship Ocean Bird had sailed from San Francisco for San Juan del Sur with 293 men, well officered, equipped and provisioned, to aid Gen. Walker. Considerable excitement prevailed in San Francisco, and the Californians were determined to take forcible possession of the Nicaragua route, to insure the safety of travel and the transit of its treasure. Whether Walker is "wiped out" or not, they are determined that the Costa Ricans shall not hold possession of the right of way to their exclusion. I am informed that a similar movement is being made in our Southern States, and that a demonstration will also be made in New York. In a short period we may look consequently for important developments."

POTATO-DIGGING BY MACHINERY.—Every one who has dug potatoes, and felt the back-breaking, head-aching trials which accompany the tedious process, will fe

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH. AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW SCHEME.

In declaring, positively, that the boy whom she had seen digging on the moor had followed her uncle and herself to the post-town of Porthgenna, Sarah had asserted the literal truth. Jacob had tracked them to the inn, had waited a little while about the door, to ascertain if there was any likelihood of their continuing their journey that evening, and had then returned to Porthgenna Tower to make his report, and to claim his promised reward.

The same night, the housekeeper and the steward devoted themselves to the joint production of a letter to Mrs. Frankland, informing her of all that had taken place, from the time when the visitors first made their appearance, to the time when the gardener's boy had followed them to the door of the inn. The composition was plentifully garnished throughout with the flowers of Mr. Munder's rhetoric, and was, by a necessary consequence, inordinately long as a narrative, and hopelessly confused as a statement of facts.

It is unnecessary to say that the letter, with all its faults and absurdities, was read by Mrs. Frankland with the deepest interest. Her husband and Mr. Orridge, to both of whom she communicated its contents, were as much amazed and perplexed by it as she was herself. Although the discovery of Mrs. Jazeph's departure for Cornwall had led them to consider it within the range of possibility that she might appear at Porthgenna, and although the housekeeper had been written to by Rosamond under the influence of that idea, neither she nor her husband were quite prepared for such a speedy confirmation of their suspicions as they had now received. Their astonishment, however, on first ascertaining the general purport of the letter, was as nothing compared with their astonishment when they came to those particular passages in it which referred to Uncle Joseph. The fresh element of complication imparted to the thickening mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room, by the entrance of the foreign stranger on the scene, and by his intimate connection with the extraordinary proceedings that had taken place in the house, fairly baffled them all. The letter was read again and again; was critically dissected paragraph by paragraph; was carefully annotated by the doctor, for the purpose of extricating all the facts that it contained from the mass of unmeaning words in which Mr. Munder had artfully and lengthily involved them; and was finally pronounced, after all the pains that had been taken to render it intelligible, to be the most mysterious document that mortal pen had ever produced.

The first practical suggestion, after the letter had been laid aside in despair, emanated from Rosamond. She proposed that her husband and herself (the baby included, as a matter of course) should start at once for Porthgenna, to question the servants minutely about the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and the foreign stranger who had accompanied her, and to examine the premises on the north side of the house, with a view to discovering a clue to the locality of the Myrtle Room, while events were still fresh in the memories of witnesses. The plan thus advocated, however excellent in itself, was opposed by Mr. Orridge on medical grounds. Mrs. Frankland had caught cold by exposing herself too carelessly to the air, on first leaving her room, and the doctor refused to grant her permission to travel for at least a week to come, if not for a longer period.

The next proposal came from Mr. Frankland. He declared it to be perfectly clear to his mind, that the only chance of penetrating the mystery of the Myrtle Room, rested entirely on the discovery of some means of communicating with Mrs. Jazeph. He suggested that they should not trouble themselves to think of anything unconnected with the accomplishment of this purpose; and he proposed that the servant then in attendance on him at West Winston—a man who had been in his employment for many years, and whose zeal, activity, and intelligence could be thoroughly depended on—should be sent to Porthgenna forthwith, to start the necessary inquiries, and to examine the premises carefully on the north side of the house.

This advice was immediately acted on. At an hour's notice, the servant started for Cornwall, thoroughly instructed as to what he was to do, and well supplied with money, in case he found it necessary to employ many persons in making the proposed inquiries. In due course of time he sent a report of his proceedings to his master. It proved to be of a most discouraging nature.

All trace of Mrs. Jazeph and her companion had been lost at the post-town of Porthgenna. Investigations had been made in every direction, but no reliable information had been obtained. People in totally different parts of the country declared readily enough that they had seen two persons answering the description of the lady in the dark dress and the old foreigner; but when they were called upon to state the direction in which the two strangers were travelling, the answers received turned out to be of the most puzzling and contradictory kind. No pains had been spared, no necessary expenditure of money had been grudged; but, so far, no results of the slightest value had been obtained. Whether the lady and the foreigner had gone east, west, north, or south, was more than Mr. Frankland's servant, at the present stage of the proceedings, could take it on himself to say.

The report of the examination of the north rooms was not more satisfactory. Here, again, nothing of any importance could be discovered. The servant had ascertained that there were twenty-two rooms on the uninhabited side of the house: six on the ground floor opening into the deserted garden; eight on the first floor; and eight above that, on the second story. He had examined all the doors carefully from top to bottom, and had come to the conclusion that none of them had been opened. The evidence afforded by the lady's own actions led to nothing. She had, if the testimony of the servant could be trusted, dropped the keys on the floor of the hall. She was found, as the housekeeper and the steward asserted, lying, in a fainting condition, at the top of the landing of the first flight of stairs. The door opposite to her, in this position, showed no more traces of having been recently opened than any of the other doors of the other twenty-one rooms. Whether the room to which she wished to gain access was one of the eight on the first floor, or whether she had fainted on her way up to the higher range of eight rooms on the second floor, it was impossible to determine. The only conclusions that could be fairly drawn from the events that had taken place in the house, were two in number. First it might be taken for granted, that the lady had been disturbed before she had been able to use the keys to gain admission to the Myrtle Room. Secondly, it might be assumed from the position in which she was found on the stairs and from the evidence relating to the dropping of the keys, that the Myrtle Room was not on the ground floor, but was one of the sixteen rooms situated on the first and second stories. Beyond this, the writer of the report had nothing further to mention, except that he had ventured to decide on waiting at Porthgenna, in the event of his master having any further instructions to communicate.

What was to be done next? That was necessarily the first question suggested by the servant's announcement of the unsuccessful result of his inquiries at Porthgenna. How it was to be answered, was not very easy to discover. Mrs. Frankland had nothing to suggest, Mr. Frankland had nothing to suggest, the doctor had nothing to suggest. The more industriously they all three hunted through their minds for a new idea, the less chance there seemed to be of their succeeding in finding one. At last, Rosamond proposed, in despair, that they should seek the advice of some fourth person who could be depended on; and asked her husband's permission to write a confidential statement of their difficulties to the Vicar of Long Beckley. Doctor Chennery was their oldest friend and adviser; he had known them both as children; he was well acquainted with the history of their families; he felt a fatherly interest in their fortunes; and he possessed that invaluable quality of plain clear-headed common sense, which marked him out as the very man who would be most likely, as well as most willing, to help them.

Mr. Frankland readily agreed to his wife's suggestion; and Rosamond wrote immediately to Doctor Chennery, informing him of everything that had happened since Mrs. Jazeph's first introduction to her, and asking him for his opinion on the course of proceeding which it would be best for her husband and herself to adopt, in the difficulty in which they were now placed. By return of post an answer was received, which amply justified Rosamond's reliance on her old friend. Doctor Chennery not only sympathised heartily with the eager curiosity which Mrs. Jazeph's language and conduct had excited in the mind of his correspondent, but he had also a plan of his own to propose for ascertaining the position of the Myrtle Room.

The vicar prefaced his suggestion by expressing a strong opinion against instituting any further search after Mrs. Jazeph. Judging by the circumstances, as they were related to him, he considered that it would be the merest waste of time to attempt to find her out. Accordingly, he passed from that part of the subject at once, and devoted himself to the consideration of the more important question, How Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were to proceed in the endeavour to discover for themselves the mystery of the Myrtle Room?

On this point, Dr. Chennery entertained a conviction of the strongest kind; and he warned Rosamond, beforehand, that she must expect to be very much surprised when he came to the statement of it. Taking it for granted that she and her husband could not hope to find out where the room was, unless they were assisted by some one better acquainted than themselves with the old local arrangements of the interior of Porthgenna Tower, the vicar declared it to be his opinion that there was only one individual living who could afford them the information they wanted, and that this person was no other than Rosamond's cross-grained relative, Andrew Treverton.

This startling opinion Dr. Chennery supported by two reasons. In the first place, Andrew was the only surviving member of the elder generation who had lived at Porthgenna Tower, in the bygone days when all traditions connected with the north rooms were still fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the house. The people who lived in it now were strangers who had been placed in their situations by Mr. Frankland's father, and the servants employed in former days by Captain Treverton were dead or dispersed. The one available person, therefore, whose recollections were likely to be of any service to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, was indisputably the brother of the old owner of Porthgenna Tower.

In the second place, there was the chance, even if Andrew Treverton's memory was not to be trusted, that he might possess written or printed information relating to the locality of the Myrtle Room. By his father's will—which had been made when Andrew was a young man just going to college, and which had not been altered at the period of his departure from England, or at any after time—he had inherited the choice old collection of books in the library at Porthgenna. Supposing that he still preserved these heir-looms, it was highly probable that there might exist among them some plan, or some description of the house as it was in the olden time, which would supply all the information that was wanted. Here, then, was another valid reason for believing that if a clue to the position of the Myrtle Room existed anywhere, Andrew Treverton was the man to lay his hand on it.

Assuming it, therefore, to be proved that the surly old misanthrope was the only person who could be profitably applied to for the requisite information, the next question was, How to communicate with him? The vicar understood perfectly that after Andrew's inexcusably heartless conduct towards her father and mother, it was quite impossible for Rosamond to address any direct application to him. That obstacle, however, might be surmounted by making the necessary communication proceed from Doctor Chennery. Heartily as the vicar disliked Andrew Treverton personally, and strongly as he disapproved of the old misanthrope's principles, he was willing to set aside his own antipathies and objections to serve the interests of his young friends; and he expressed his perfect readiness, if Rosamond and her husband approved of the proceeding, to write and recal himself to Andrew's recollection, and to ask, as if it was a matter of antiquarian curiosity, for information on the subject of the north side of Porthgenna Tower, including, of course, a special request to be made acquainted with the names by which the rooms had been individually known in former days.

In making this offer, the vicar frankly acknowledged that he thought the chances were very much against his receiving any answer at all to his application, no matter how carefully he might word it, with a view to humouring Andrew's churlish peculiarities. However, considering that, in the present posture of affairs, a forlorn hope was better than no hope at all, he thought it was at least worth while to make the attempt, on the plan which he had just suggested. If Mr. and Mrs. Frankland could devise any better means of opening communications with Andrew Treverton, or if they had discovered any new method of their own for obtaining the information of which they stood in need, Doctor Chennery was perfectly ready to set aside his own opinions and to defer to theirs. In any case he could only conclude by begging them to remember that he considered their interests as his own, and that all the service he could render them was cheerfully and heartily placed at their disposal.

A very brief consideration of the vicar's friendly letter convinced Rosamond and her husband that they had no choice but gratefully to accept the offer which it contained. The chances were certainly against the success of the proposed application; but were they more unfavourable than the chances against the success of any unaided investigations at Porthgenna? There was, at least, a faint hope of Doctor Chennery's request for information producing some results; but there seemed no hope at all of penetrating a mystery connected with one room only, by dint of wandering blindly through two ranges of rooms which reached the number of sixteen. Influenced by these considerations, Rosamond wrote back to the vicar to thank him for his kindness, and to beg that he would communicate with Andrew Treverton, as he had proposed, without a moment's delay.

Doctor Chennery immediately occupied himself in the composition of the important letter, taking care to make the application on purely antiquarian grounds, and accounting for his assumed curiosity on the subject of the interior of Porthgenna Tower, by referring to his former knowledge of the Treverton family, and to his natural interest in the old house with which their name and fortunes had been so closely connected. After appealing to Andrew's early recollections for the information that he wanted, he ventured a step farther, and alluded to the library of old books, mentioning his own idea that there might be found among them some plan or verbal description of the house, which might prove to be of the greatest service, in the event of Mr. Treverton's memory not having preserved all particulars in connection with the names and positions of the north rooms. In conclusion, he took the liberty of mentioning that the loan of any document of the kind to which he had alluded, or the permission to have extracts made from it, would be thankfully acknowledged as a great favour conferred; and he added, in a postscript, that, in order to save Mr. Treverton all trouble, a messenger would call for any answer he might be disposed to give, the day after the delivery of the letter. Having completed the application in these terms, the vicar (with many secret misgivings as to results) inclosed it under cover to his man of business in London, with directions that it was to be delivered by a trustworthy person, and that the messenger was to call again the next morning to know if there was any answer.

Three days after this letter had been despatched to its destination—at which time no tidings of any sort had been received from Doctor Chennery—Rosamond at last obtained her medical attendant's permission to travel. Taking leave of Mr. Orridge with many promises to let him know what progress they made towards discovering the position of the Myrtle Room, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland turned their backs on West Winston, and, for the third time, started on the journey to Porthgenna Tower.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was baking-day in the establishment of Mr. Andrew Treverton, when the messenger intrusted with Doctor Chennery's letter found his way to the garden-door of the cottage at Bayswater. After he had rung three times, he heard a gruff voice, on the other side of the wall, roaring at him to let the bell alone, and asking who he was, and what the devil he wanted.

"A letter for Mr. Treverton," said the messenger, nervously backing away from the door while he spoke.

"Chuck it over the wall then, and be off with you!" answered the gruff voice.

The messenger obeyed both injunctions. He was a meek, modest, elderly man; and when Nature mixed up the ingredients of his disposition, the capability of resenting injuries was not among them.

The man with the gruff voice—or, to put it in plainer terms, the man Shrowl—picked up the letter, weighed it in his hand, looked at the address on it with an expression of contemptuous curiosity in his bull-terrier's eyes, put it in his waistcoat pocket, and walked round lazily to the kitchen entrance of the cottage.

In the apartment which would probably have been called the pantry, if the house had belonged to civilized tenants, a hand-mill had been set up; and, at the moment when Shrowl made his way to this room, Mr. Treverton was engaged in asserting his independence of all the millers in England, by grinding his own corn. He paused irritably in turning the handle of the mill, when his servant appeared at the door.

"What do you come here for?" he asked. "When the flour's ready, I'll call for you. Don't let's look at each other oftener than we can help! I never set eyes on you, Shrowl, but I ask myself whether, in the whole range of creation, there is any animal as ugly as man? I saw a cat, this morning, on the garden wall, and there was n't a single point in which you would bear comparison with him. The cat's eyes were clear—yours are muddy. The cat's nose was straight—yours is crooked. The cat's whiskers were clean—yours are dirty. The cat's coat fitted him—yours hangs about you like a sack. I tell you again, Shrowl, the species to which you (and I) belong, is the ugliest on the whole face of creation. Don't let us revolt each other by keeping in company any longer. Go away, you last, worst, infirmest freak of Nature—go away!"

Shrowl listened to this complimentary address with an aspect of surly serenity. When it had come to an end, he took the letter from his waistcoat pocket, without condescending to make any reply. He was, by this time, too thoroughly conscious of his own power over his master to attach the smallest importance to anything that Mr. Treverton might say to him.

"Now you've done your talking, suppose you take a look at that," said Shrowl, dropping the letter carelessly on a deal-table by his master's side. "It isn't often that people trouble themselves to send letters to you—is it? Who do you think it comes from? I wonder whether your niece has took a fancy to write to you? It was put in the papers, the other day, that she'd got a son and heir. Open the letter, and see if it's an invitation to the christening. The thing would n't be complete without you; the company would be sure to want your smiling face at the table to make 'em jolly. Just let me take a grind at the mill, while you go out and get a silver mug. The son and heir expects a mug, you know, and his nurse expects half-a-guinea, and his mamma expects all your fortune What a pleasure to make the three innocent creeters happy! It's shocking to see you pulling wry faces, like that, over the letter. Lord! lord! where can all your natural affection have gone to?——"

"If I only knew where to lay my hand on a gag, I'd cram it into your infernal mouth!" cried Mr. Treverton. "How dare you talk to me about my niece? You wretch! you know how I hate her for her mother's sake. What do you mean by harping perpetually on my fortune? Sooner than leave it to the play-actress's child, I'd even leave it to you; and sooner than leave it to you, I would take every farthing of it out in a boat, and bury it for ever at the bottom of the sea!" Venting his dissatisfaction in these strong terms, Mr. Treverton snatched up Dr Chennery's letter, and tore it open in a humour which by no means promised favourably for the success of the vicar's application.

He read the letter with an omnious scowl on his face, which grew darker and darker as he got nearer and nearer to the end. When he came to the signature his humour changed, and he laughed sardonically. "Faithfully yours, Robert Chennery," he repeated to himself. "Yes! Faithfully mine, if I humour your whim. And what if I don't, Parson?" He paused, and looked at the letter again, the scowl reappearing on his face as he did so. "There's a lie of some kind lurking about under these lines of fair writing," he muttered suspiciously. "I am not one of his congregation: the law gives him no privilege of imposing on *me*. What does he mean by making the attempt?" He stopped again, reflected a little, looked up suddenly at Shrowl, and said to him:

"Have you lit the oven fire yet?"

"No, I hav'n't," answered Shrowl.

Mr. Treverton examined the letter for the third time—hesitated—then slowly tore it in half, and tossed the two pieces over contemptuously to his servant.

"Light the fire at once," he said. "And, if you want paper, there it is for you. Stop!" he added, after Shrowl had picked up the torn letter. "If anybody comes here to-morrow morning to ask for an answer, tell them I gave you the letter to light the fire with, and say that's the answer." With those words Mr. Treverton returned to the mill, and began to grind at it again, with a grin of malicious satisfaction on his haggard face.

Shrowl withdrew into the kitchen, closed the door, and, placing the torn pieces of the letter together on the dresser, applied himself, with the coolest deliberation, to the business of reading it. When he had gone slowly and carefully through it, from the address at the beginning to the name at the end, he scratched reflectively for a little while at his ragged neglected beard, then folded the letter up carefully and put it in his pocket.

"I'll have another look at it, later in the day," he thought to himself, tearing off a piece of an old newspaper to light the fire with. "It strikes me, just at the present, that there may be better things done with this letter than burning it."

Resolutely abstaining from taking the letter out of his pocket again, until all the duties of the household for that day had been duly performed, Shrowl lit the fire, occupied the morning in making and baking the bread, and patiently took his turn afterwards at digging in the kitchen-garden. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he felt himself at liberty to think of his private affairs, and to venture on retiring into solitude with the object of secretly looking over the letter again.

A second perusal of Doctor Chennery's unlucky application to Mr. Treverton helped to confirm Shrowl in his resolution not to destroy the letter. With great pains and perseverance, and much incidental scratching at his beard, he contrived to make himself master of three distinct points in it, which stood out, in his estimation, as possessing prominent and serious importance. The first point which he contrived to establish clearly in his mind was, that the person who signed the name of Robert Chennery was desirous of examining a plan, or printed account, of the north side of the interior of a certain old house in Cornwall, called Porthgenna Tower. The second point appeared to resolve itself into this: that Robert Chennery believed some such plan, or printed account, might be found among the collection of books belonging to Mr. Treverton. The third point was, that this same Robert Chennery would receive the loan of the plan or printed account as one of the greatest favours that could be conferred on him. Meditating on the latter fact, with an eye exclusively fixed on the contemplation of his own interests, Shrowl arrived at the conclusion that it might be well worth his while, in a pecuniary point of view, to try if he could not privately place himself in a position to oblige Robert Chennery by searching in secret among his master's books. "It might be worth a five-pound note to me, if I managed it well," thought Shrowl, putting the letter back in his pocket again, and ascending the stairs thoughtfully to the lumber-rooms at the top of the house.

These rooms were two in number, were entirely unfurnished, and were littered all over with the rare collection of books which had adorned the library at Porthgenna Tower. Covered with dust, and scattered in all directions and positions over the floor, lay hundreds on hundreds of volumes, cast out of their packing-cases as coals are cast out of their sacks into a cellar. Ancient books, which students would have treasured as priceless, lay in chaotic equality of neglect side by side with modern publications whose chief merit was the beauty of the binding by which they were enclosed. Into this wilderness of scattered volumes Shrowl now wandered, fortified by the supreme self-possession of ignorance, to search resolutely for one particular book with no other light to direct him than the faint glimmer of the two guiding words, Porthgenna Tower. Having got them firmly fixed on his mind, his next object was to search until he found them printed on the first page of any one of the hundreds of volumes that lay around him. This was, for the time being, emphatically his business in life, and there he now stood, in the largest of the two attics, doggedly prepared to do it.

He cleared away space enough with his feet to enable him to sit down comfortably on the floor, and then began to look over all the books that lay at arm's length of him. Odd volumes of rare editions of the classics, odd volumes of the English historians, odd volumes of plays by the Elizabethan dramatists, books of travel, books of sermons, books of jests, books of natural history, books of sports, turned up in quaint and rapid succession; but no book containing on the title-page the words "Porthgenna Tower," rewarded the searching industry of Shrowl for the first ten minutes after he had sat himself down on the floor.

Before removing to another position, and contending with a fresh accumulation of literary lumber, he paused and considered a little with himself, whether there might not be some easier and more orderly method than any he had yet devised of working his way through the scattered mass of volumes which yet remained to be examined. The result of his reflections was, that it would be less confusing to him, if he searched through the books in all parts of the room indifferently, regulating his selection of them solely by their various sizes; disposing of all the largest to begin with; then, after stowing them away together, proceeding to the next largest, and so going on until he came down at last to the pocket-volumes. Accordingly, he cleared away another morsel of vacant space, near the wall, and then, trampling over the books as coolly as if they were so many clods of earth on a ploughed field, picked out the largest of all the volumes that lay on the floor.

It was an atlas. Shrowl turned over the maps, reflected, shook his head, and removed the volume to the vacant space which he had cleared close to the wall.

The next largest book was a magnificently bound collection of engraved portraits of distinguished characters. Shrowl saluted the distinguished characters with a grunt of gothic disapprobation, and carried them off to keep the atlas company against the wall.

The third largest book lay under several others. It projected a little at one end, and it was bound in scarlet morocco. In another position, or bound in a quieter colour, it would probably have escaped notice. Shrowl drew it out with some difficulty, opened it with a portentous frown of distrust, looked at the title-page—and suddenly slapped his thigh with a great oath of exultation. There were the very words of which he was in search, staring him in the face, as it were, with all the emphasis of the largest capital letters!

He listened for a moment to assure himself that his master was not moving in the house; then turned to the first leaf of the book with the intention of looking it over carefully page by page, from beginning to end. The first leaf was a blank. The second leaf had an inscription written at the top of it, in faded ink, which contained these words and initials: "Rare. Only six copies printed. J. A. T." Below, on the middle of the leaf, was the printed dedication: "To John Arthur Treverton, Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Porthgenna, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, F. R. S., &c., &c., &c., this Work, in which an attempt is made to describe the ancient and honourable Mansion of his Ancestors." There were many more lines, filled to bursting with all the largest and most obsequious words to be found in the Dictionary, but Shrowl wisely abstained from giving himself the trouble of reading them, and turned over at once to the title page.

There, indeed, were the all-important words: "The History and Antiquities of Porthgenna Tower, From the period of its first erection, to the present time; comprising interesting genealogical particulars relating to the Treverton Family: with an inquiry into the Origin of Gothic Architecture, and a few thoughts on the Theory of Fortification after the period of the Norman Conquest. By the Reverend Job Dark, D.D., Rector of Porthgenna. The whole adorned with Portraits, Views and Plans, executed in the highest style of Art. Not Published. Printed by Spaldock and Grimes, Truro, 1734."

That was the title-page. The next leaf contained an engraved view of Porthgenna Tower, from the West Then came several pages devoted to The Origin Of Gothic Architecture. Then more pages, explaining The Norman Theory of Fortification. These were succeeded by another engraving—Porthgenna Tower, from the East. After that followed more reading, under the title of The Treverton Family; and then came the third engraving—Porthgenna Tower, from the North. Shrowl paused there, and looked with interest at the leaf opposite the print. It only announced more reading still, about the Erection of the Mansion; and this was succeeded by engravings from family portraits in the gallery of Porthgenna. Placing his left thumb between the leaves to mark the place, Shrowl impatiently turned to the end of the book, too see what he could find there. The last leaf contained a plan of the stables; the leaf before that, presented a plan of the north garden; and on the next leaf—turning backward—was the very thing described in Robert Chennery's letter—a plan of the interior arrangement of the north side of the house!

Shrowl's first impulse on making this discovery, was to carry the book away to the safest hiding-place he could find for it, preparatory to secretly offering it for sale, when the messenger called the next morning for an answer to the letter. A little reflection, however, convinced him that a proceeding of this sort bore a dangerously close resemblance to the act of thieving, and might get him into trouble if the person with whom he desired to deal chose to go through the ceremony of asking him any preliminary questions touching his right to the volume which he wanted to dispose of. The only alternative that remained, if the idea of possessing himself of the book were abandoned, was to make the best copy he could of the Plan, and to traffic with that, as a document which the most scrupulous person in the world need not hesitate to purchase.

Resolving, after some consideration, to undergo the trouble of making the copy rather than run the risk of purloining the book, Shrowl stole down to the kitchen as softly as he could, took from one of the drawers of the dresser an old stump of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a crumpled half-sheet of dirty letter-paper; and returned to the garret to copy the Plan as he best might. It was of the simplest kind, and it occupied but a small portion of the page; yet it presented, to his eyes, a hopelessly involved and intricate appearance, when he now examined it for the second time.

The rooms were represented by rows of small squares, with names neatly printed inside them; and the positions of doors, staircases and passages, were indicated by parallel lines of various lengths and breadths. After much cogitation, frowning and pulling at his beard, it occurred to Shrowl that the easiest method of copying the Plan would be to cover it with the letter-paper—which, though hardly half the size of the page, was large enough to spread over the engraving on it—and then to trace the lines which he saw through the paper, as carefully as he could, with his pen and ink. He puffed, and snorted, and grumbled and got red in the face over his task; but he accomplished it at last—bating certain drawbacks in the shape of blots and smears—in a sufficiently creditable manner; then stopped to let the ink dry and to draw his breath freely, before he attempted to do anything more.

The next obstacle to be overcome, consisted in the difficulty of copying the names of the rooms, which were printed inside the squares. Fortunately for Shrowl, who was one of the clumsiest of mankind in the use of the pen, none of the names were very long. As it was, he found the greatest difficulty in writing them in sufficiently small characters to fit into the squares. One name in particular—that of The Myrtle Room—presented combinations of letters, in the word "Myrtle," which tried his patience and his fingers sorely, when he attempted to reproduce them. Indeed, the result, in this case, when he had done his best, was so illegible, even to his eyes, that he wrote the word over again in large characters at the top of the page, and connected it by a very wavering line with the square which represented the Myrtle Room. The same accident happened to him in two other instances, and was remedied in the same way. With the rest of the names, however, he succeeded better; and, when he had finally completed the business of transcription, by writing the title, "Plan of the North Side," his copy presented, on the whole, a more respectable appearance than might have been anticipated. After satisfying himself of its accuracy by a careful comparison of it with the original, he folded it up along with Dr. Chennery's letter, and deposited it in his pocket with a hoarse gasp of relief and a grim smile of satisfaction.

The next morning, the garden-door of the cottage presented itself to the public eye in the totally new aspect of standing hospitably ajar; and one of the bare posts had the advantage of being embellished by the figure of Shrowl, who leaned against it easily, with his legs crossed, his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking out for the return of the messenger who had delivered Doctor Chennery's letter the day before.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH—APPROACHING THE PRECIPICE.

Travelling from London to Porthgenna, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had stopped, on the ninth of May, at the West Winston station. On the eleventh of June they left it again, to continue their journey to Cornwall. On the twelfth, after resting a night upon the road, they arrived, towards the evening, at Porthgenna Tower.

There had been storm and rain all the morning; it had lulled towards the afternoon; and, at the hour when they reached the house, the wind had dropped, a thick, white fog hid the sea from view, and sudden showers fell drearily from time to time over the sodden land. Not even a solitary idler from the village was hanging about the west terrace, as the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, the baby, and the two servants who were with them, drove up to the house. No one was waiting with the door open to receive the travellers; for all hope of their arriving on that day had been given up, and the ceaseless thundering of the surf, as the stormy sea surged in on the beach beneath, drowned the roll of the carriage-wheels over the terrace road. The driver was obliged to leave his seat, and ring at the bell for admittance. A minute or more elapsed before the door was opened. With the rain falling sullen and steady on the roof of the carriage, with the raw dampness of the atmosphere penetrating through all coverings and defences, with the booming of the surf sounding threateningly near in the dense obscurity of the fog, the young couple waited for admission to their own home, as strangers might have waited who had called inopportunely.

When the door was opened at last, the master and mistress, whom the servants would have welcomed with the proper congratulations, on any other occasion, were now received with the proper apologies instead. Mr. Munder, Mrs. Pentreath, Betsy, and Mr. Frankland's man, all crowded together in the hall, and all begged pardon confusedly for not having been ready at the door, when the carriage drove up. The appearance of the baby changed the conventional excuses of the housekeeper and the maid into conventional expressions of admiration; but the men remained grave and gloomy, and spoke of the miserable weather apologetically, as if the rain and the fog had been of their making. The reason for their persistency in dwelling on this one dreary topic, came out while Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were being conducted up the west staircase. The storm of the morning had been fatal to three of the Porthgenna fishermen, who had been lost with their boat at sea, and whose deaths had thrown the whole village into mourning. The servants had done nothing but talk of the catastrophe ever since the intelligence of it had reached them, early in the afternoon; and Mr. Munder now thought it his duty to explain that the absence of the villagers, on the occasion of the arrival of his master and mistress, was entirely attributable to the effect produced among the little community by the wreck of the fishing boat. Under any less lamentable circumstances, the west terrace would have been crowded, and the appearance of the carriage would have been welcomed with cheers.

"Lenny, I almost wish we had waited a little longer, before we came here," whispered Rosamond, nervously pressing her husband's arm. "It is very dreary and disheartening to return to my first home on such a day as this. That story of the poor fishermen is a sad story, love, to welcome me back with to the place of my birth. Let us send, the first thing to-morrow morning, and see what we can do for the poor helpless women and children. I shall not feel easy in my mind, after hearing that story, till we have done something to comfort them."

"I trust you will approve of the repairs, ma'am," said the housekeeper, pointing to the staircase which led to the second story.

"The repairs?" said Rosamond, absently. "Repairs! I never hear the word now without thinking of the north rooms, and of the plans we devised for getting my poor dear father to live in them. Mrs. Pentreath, I have a host of questions to ask you and Mr. Munder, about all the extraordinary things that happened when that mysterious lady and that incomprehensible foreigner came to see the house. But tell me first—this is the west front, I suppose?—how far are we, here, from the north rooms? I mean, how long would it take us to get to them, if we wanted to go now to that part of the house?"

"Oh, dear me, ma'am, not five minutes!" answered Mrs. Pentreath.

"Not five minutes!" repeated Rosamond, whispering to her husband again. "Do you hear that, Lenny? In five minutes we might be in the Myrtle Room!"

"Yet," said Mr. Frankland, smiling, "in our present state of ignorance, we are just as far from it as if we were at West Winston still!"

"I can't think that, Lenny. It may be only my fancy, but now we are on the spot, I feel as if we had driven the mystery into its last hiding place. We are actually in the house that holds the secret; and nothing will persuade me that we are not half way already towards finding it out. But don't let us stop on this cold landing. Which way are we to go next?"

"This way, ma'am," said Mr. Munder, seizing the first opportunity of placing himself in a prominent position. "There is a fire in the drawing room. Will you allow me the honour of leading and conducting you, sir, to the apartment in question?" he added, officiously stretching out his hand to Mr. Frankland.

"Certainly not!" interposed Rosamond, sharply. She had noticed, with her usual quickness of observation, that Mr. Munder wanted the delicacy of feeling which ought to have restrained him from staring curiously at his blind master, in her presence; and she was unfavourably disposed towards him in consequence. "Wherever the apartment in question may happen to be," she continued with satirical emphasis, "I will lead Mr. Frankland to it, if you please. If you want to make yourself useful, you had better go on before us, and open the door."

Outwardly crest-fallen, but inwardly indignant, Mr. Munder led the way to the drawing-room. The fire burned brightly, the old-fashioned furniture displayed itself to the most picturesque advantage, the paper on the walls looked comfortably mellow, the carpet, faded as it was, felt soft and warm underfoot. Rosamond led her husband to an easy chair by the fireside, and began to feel at home for the first time.

"This looks really comfortable," she said. "When we have shut out that dreary white fog, and the candles are lit, and the tea is on the table, we shall have nothing in the world to complain of. You enjoy this nice warm atmosphere, don't you, Lenny? There is a piano in the room, my dear; I can play to you in the evening at Porthgenna, just as I used in London. Nurse, sit down and make yourself and the baby as comfortable as you can. Before we take our bonnets off, I must go away with Mrs. Pentreath, and see about the bedrooms. What is your name, you very rosy, good-natured looking girl? Betsy, is it? Well then, Betsey, suppose you go down and get the tea; and we shall like you all the better, if you can contrive to bring us up some cold meat with it." Giving her orders in those good-humoured terms, and not noticing that her husband looked a little uneasy while she was talking so familiarly to a servant, Rosamond left the room in company with Mrs. Pentreath.

When she returned, her face and manner were altered: she looked and spoke seriously and quietly.

"I hope I have arranged everything for the best, Lenny," she said. "The airiest and largest room, Mrs. Pentreath tells me, is the room in which my mother died. But I thought we had better not make use of that: I felt as if it chilled and saddened me only to look at it. Further on, along the passage, there is a room that was my nursery. I almost fancied, when Mrs. Pentreath told me she had heard I used to sleep there, that I remembered the pretty little arched doorway leading into the second room—the night-nursery, it used to be called in former days. I have ordered the fire to be lit there, and the beds to be made. There is a third room on the right hand, which communicates with the day nursery. I think we might manage to establish ourselves very comfortably in the three rooms—if you felt no objection—though they are not so large or so grandly furnished as the company-bedrooms. I will change the arrangement if you like—but the house looks rather lonesone and dreary, just at first—and my heart warms to the old nursery—and I think we might at least try it, to begin with, don't you, Lenny?"

Mr. Frankland was quite of his wife's opinion, and was ready to accede to any domestic arrangements that she might think fit to make. While he was assuring her of this, the tea came up; and the sight of it helped to restore Rosamond to her usual spirits. When the meal was over, she occupied herself in seeing the baby comfortably established for the night, in the room on the right hand which communicated with the day-nursery. That maternal duty performed, she came back to her husband in the drawing-room; and the conversation between them turned—as it almost always turned, now, when they were alone—on the two perplexing subjects of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room.

"I wish it was not night," said Rosamond. "I should like to begin exploring at once. Mind, Lenny, you must be with me in all my investigations. I lend you my eyes, and you give me your advice. You must never lose patience, and never tell me that you can be of no use. I look to you to keep up my courage, as well as to help me with advice. How I do wish we were starting on our voyage of discovery at this very moment! But we may make inquiries at any rate," she continued, ringing the bell. "Let us have the housekeeper and the steward up, and try if we can't make them tell us something more than they told us in their letter."

The bell was answered by Betsey. Rosamond desired that Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath might be sent upstairs. Betsey, having heard Mrs. Frankland express her intention of questioning the housekeeper and the steward, guessed why they were wanted, and smiled mysteriously.

"Did *you* see anything of those strange visitors who behaved so oddly?" asked Rosamond, detecting the smile. "Yes, I am sure you did. Tell us what you saw. We want to hear everything that happened—everything down to the smallest trifle."

Appealed to in these direct terms, Betsey contrived, with much circumlocution and confusion, to relate what her own personal experience had been of the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and her foreign companion. When she had done, Rosamond stopped her on her way to the door, by asking this question:

"You say the lady was found lying in a fainting fit at the top of the stairs. Have you any notion, Betsey, why she fainted?"

The servant hesitated.

"Come! come!" said Rosamond. "You have some notion, I can see. Tell us what it is."

"I'm afraid you will be angry with me, ma'am," said Betsey, expressing embarrassment by drawing lines slowly with her fore-finger on a table at her side.

"Nonsense! I shall only be angry with you, if you won't speak. Why do you think the lady fainted?"

Betsey drew a very long line with her embarrassed forefinger, wiped it afterwards on her apron and answered: "I think she fainted, if you please, ma'am, because she see the ghost."

"The ghost! What! is there a ghost in the house? Lenny, here is a romance that we never expected. What sort of ghost is it? Let us have the whole story."

The whole story, as Betsey told it, was not of a nature to afford her hearers any extraordinary information, or to keep them very long in suspense. The ghost was a lady, who had been at a remote period the wife of one of the owners of Porthgenna Tower, and who had been guilty of deceiving her husband in some way unknown. She had been condemned in consequence to walk about the north rooms, as long as ever the walls of them held together. She had long curling light-brown hair, and very white teeth, and a dimple in each cheek, and was altogether "awful beautiful" to look at. Her approach was heralded to any mortal creature who was unfortunate enough to fall in her way, by the blowing of a cold wind; and nobody who had once felt that wind had the slightest chance of ever feeling warm again. That was all Betsey knew about the ghost; and it was in her opinion enough to freeze a person's blood only to think of it.

Rosamond smiled, then looked grave again. "I wish you could have told us a little more," she said. "But, as you cannot, we must try Mrs. Pentreath and Mr. Munder next. Send them up here, if you please, Betsey, as soon as you get down stairs."

The examination of the housekeeper and the steward led to no result whatever. Nothing more than they had already communicated in their letter to Mrs. Frankland could be extracted from either of them. Mr. Munder's dominant idea was that the foreigner had entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower with felonious ideas on the subject of the family plate. Mrs. Pentreath concurred in that opinion, and mentioned, in connection with it, her own private impression that the lady in the quiet dress was an unfortunate person who had escaped from a madhouse. As to giving a word of advice, or suggesting a plan for solving the mystery, neither the housekeeper nor the steward appeared to think that the rendering of any assistance of that sort lay at all within their province. They took their own practical view of the suspicious conduct of the two strangers, and no mortal power could persuade them to look an inch beyond it.

"O, the stupidity, the provoking, impenetrable, pretentious stupidity of those two people!" exclaimed Rosamond, when she and her husband were alone again. "No help, Lenny, to be hoped for from either of them. We have nothing to trust to now